THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other **DIVERSION** interesting to the

MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

FOR JUNE, 1803.

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Embellished with, I. *Jasper, a finished Engraving by Mr. Scott, from a Painting of Mr. Marshall's.*—II. *A Lioness and Whelps attacking a Camel, an Etching.*

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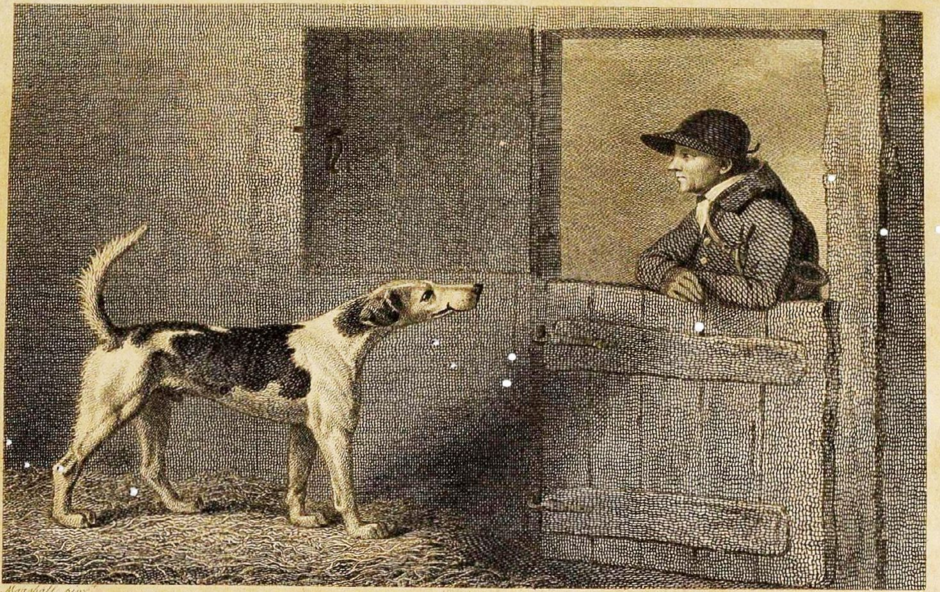
TO CORRESPONDENTS.

An Elegy on the Death of a Sportsman, from the polished pen of S——n B——ll, arrived too late for this Month, but shall certainly appear in our next.

Our old Correspondent A. B. of Stambourn, will perceive his original Hunting Song, in our Poetical Department. In the prose pieces which he intimates in his letter, we hope that, as brevity is the avowed soul of wit, so humour also, not being distended too far, as generous liquor is sometimes too much diluted, it may preserve, as much as possible, both its strength and seasoning.

The entertaining favours of J. J. B. a Western Tourist, &c. &c. will be found in the present Number.



Marshall pinx.t

Scott sculp.t

Jasper.

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THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR JUNE, 1803.

JASPER.

A finished Engraving by Mr. Scott, from a Painting of Mr. Marshall's, to face this Page.

JASPER, whose portrait is now given, was bred by the Earl of Egremont, and is full brother to the famous Jumper, one of the fleetest and steadiest hunting hounds in the kingdom, and the father of the Duke of Richmond's excellent and uniform pack. Jasper was, when young, consigned to Mr. Compton, of the New Forest, in Hampshire; where, soon after his entrance, he began to acquire the laurel of celebrity, and for ten years maintained his superiority not more as a leader, than his power in hitting off a fault upon a cold scent, or continuing the chase upon a dry road. The whole of the present pack are his own progeny, and esteemed, by the best and most impartial judges, to have as good legs and feet—the first of all considerations in breeding—the finest symmetry, and the strongest muscular powers of any fox-hounds in the universe; few afford more sport, none do their business better. The Portrait annexed is a correct and striking likeness of Tom Seabright, who has, with great credit to himself and satisfaction to his employer, hunted the pack from the time of Jasper's initiation.

PAINTINGS.

Sporting Subjects in the Exhibition

OF THE

ROYAL ACADEMY.

DANCEAWAY, a famous hunter, the property of General Grosvenor.—H. B. Chalon.

Spaniels.—J. T. Sartorius.

A shooting party going out: portraits of four brothers.—W. R. Bigg, A.

Horses and figures, with a view of the ferry-boat at Hampton, Middlesex.—Sir F. Bourgeois, R. A.

Portrait of a spaniel, the property of Major-general Urquhart.—H. B Chalon.

Portrait of a lady's hunter.—J. N. Sartorius.

 Portrait

Portrait of a fast trotting hobby. —J. N. Sartorius.

A cock-phaesant.—R. Stennet.

The portrait of an Arabian belonging to the Farming Repository, Dublin.—J. N. Sartorius.

Pointers.—J. F. Sartorius, jun.

The portrait of an old earth-stopper.—H. Singleton.

Portrait of a Newfoundland dog, the property of his Royal Highness the Duke of York.—G. Stubbs, R. A.

Portrait of a Maltese ass.—H. B. Chalon.

Portrait of a mare and spaniel.— T. Bellinger, jun.

Portrait of an Arabian, the property of Mess. Moorcraft and Field. —H. B. Chalon.

Portrait of a hunter, the property of Mr. Holbrook.—H. B. Chalon.

Portrait of a grey Arabian mare, the property of his Royal Highness the Duke of York.—E. Cooper.

Partridges.—M. Haughton.

Portrait of the great tench taken by Colonel Thornton in the year 1802, with a view of the house and park of Thornville-royal.—P. Reinagle, A.

Coursing.—D. Wolstenholme.

Portrait of Mr. Cockburn and dog.—J. Allen.

A tiger crouching from his den. —G. Smith.

Bear-hunting.—J. Bellinger, jun.

The Bibury Welter-stakes.—H. B. Chalon.

A foreign goose, from nature.— Miss H. Dickenson.

THE SPORTING SECRET.

THE son of a nobleman very recently emancipated from the confines of a college in one of our universities, having, during the first month of his liberty, displayed proofs of an anxious desire to become a conspicuous member of the turf, had immediately "a dead set" made at him; and a horse was soon found him at so low a price as three hundred and seventy guineas, with an assurance by the parties concerned, "that they had been favoured with such a trial as perfectly convinced them he was capable of winning a King's Plate to a certainty. Being let into so lucky and so *friendly* a secret, the horse was immediately purchased; and notwithstanding his promised excellence, was distanced the first plate he ran for. This secret having transpired, and been much talked of, rendered retrospection necessary—expostulation followed; and suffice it to say, the candidate for fame declines the turf and the horse, with a loss of 100 guineas by the experiment. ARGUS.

Crim Corner, June 20.

SPORTING DICTIONARY.

2 Vols. 8vo.

SINCE the publication of our last number, the above work has made its appearance; and, although the shortness of the time prevents our entering more largely into its merits, a superficial survey amply justifies us in an opinion, that it retains much of the novelty, spirit, and freedom, for which the pen of the writer is so remarkable. In consequence of the frequent litigations respecting the soundness and unsoundness of horses, he has animadverted largely under the heads of "Soundness," "Law-suits," and "Warranty," the latter of which he observes, "is the personal assurance the purchaser of a horse receives from the seller, at the moment of terminating the bargain, if such purchase absolutely takes place; that the horse in question is

is no more than a certain number of years old, as the case may be; that he is perfectly free from every kind of vice, blemish, and defect; that he is completely sound, "wind, and limb;" or in other words, that he is in a state of perfection. Much professional jargon has transpired, during the last half century, in the courts of law upon this subject: and a great law authority who once presided, rather inadvertently it is supposed, presumed to declare in open court, "that paying L.20 for a horse, was a price sufficient to have the soundness implied by the sum paid; and that he should consider the warranty to extend full three months from the day of the purchase." Whether this assertion was a lapse of the tongue, or a temporary deviation from sagacity and discretion, is not now worthy disquisition; as it must certainly be admitted to have been one of the most absurd, unequitable, and ridiculous opinions ever promulgated in a court of judicial investigation."

"In confirmation of which, let it be supposed, that a horse is sold by either gentleman or dealer, known and declared to be *bona fide* sound at the moment of transfer, and absolutely never to have been otherwise; in equity and in justice, what can the former owner have to do with his state of futurity? Is not a horse of this description, though sound and perfect, as likely to become diseased, to fall lame, or even to die, on that, or the following day, as at any other period of his life? Where then can be found the consistency, the equity, or indeed the common honesty, of requiring, or expecting any man to warrant for weeks or months, what it is not within his power to insure for a single hour? The equitable intent of a warranty, between persons of mutual good intent and integrity, cannot be expected to go beyond the hour of purchase and sale; for as neither can explore with certainty, the abstruse pages of the great volume of time yet to come, there cannot be the least well-founded plea for retrospective compensation."

We have been induced to the above quotation from a work bidding fair to acquire celebrity, not more from its equitable construction, than from its applicability to certain causes now depending in the courts; as well as others under reference before the most respectable arbitrators, appointed by the parties, whose awards are not yet made known, but shall certainly appear in our next.

Case First.—On the 5th of May, a bay gelding was purchased of Mr. S——, by C. M——, Esq. the circumstances of which were precisely as follow. The subject in question was advertised for sale; he was inspected by the purchaser; a trial requested and granted without restraint. Mr. M. rode him in the Park his own paces, and his own time; he exchanged horses with the seller's groom, that he might see him go his rattling gallops, which he approved; dismissed the attendant and the horse, saying, "his groom and another should again examine and ride the horse on the following morning." They did so repeatedly upon the stones, as well as upon the road; approved the horse, reported their approbation to their employer, and returned with ninety-five guineas for the horse, taking him from Blackfriars-Road, over the stones to the west end of the town; from whence he was again offered to be returned in two hours after, upon a plea of lameness, and an enlargement above the fetlock of the near leg behind. These defects were then visible, and the matter in litigation is, whether the injury sustained was recent,

cent, or a relapse of any former lameness.

Case Second.—Within a few days of the above, a pair of bay carriage geldings were purchased at 150 guineas, by T. W. Esq. of T. H. Esq. both gentlemen of great opulence, respectability, and intimately known to each other. These horses, mutually understood to be perfectly sound, were delivered on a Monday afternoon; the following morning, the purchaser having occasion to go into Norfolk, left the horses in town, giving orders to his coachman to put the horses in harness, and exercise them gently on Wednesday; in which exercise, over the stones, one horse unfortunately cast a shoe, and so broke, battered, and bruised the foot, that he became exceedingly lame; and a veterinarian being consulted, he seemed disposed to attribute, in part, the lameness to the previous shelly state of the hoof, and fleshy conformation of the foot. This opinion rendered arbitration necessary, and the award is hourly expected to be made by the parties to whom it was amicably agreed to be referred.

Case Third.—A pair of chesnut curricle mares having been purchased of O. H. Esq. by W. S. Esq. a few days since, for which the sum of 300 guineas was paid; it was observed, in the first four-and-twenty hours, by a stable lad, that one of the two had every appearance of a confirmed crib biter; which being communicated to the curricle groom of the late owner, he replied, "O yes, we had a neck strap for her ourselves." This is considered an oblique proof of her being so; and the matter at issue, before the arbitrators, is of a two-fold complexion. The questions naturally arising, being first, whether the mare in question is absolutely a crib-biter? and if so, whether, according to law, and the usage of custom, a horse or mare having that defect, is considered unsound, and returnable in consequence?

N. B. We remember it has been so determined in the Court of King's Bench, that a crib-biter was deemed an unsound horse, and a verdict obtained for the plaintiff, in the case, with costs.

A STOLEN CHAISE, ASSAULT, &c.

Court of King's Bench, June 20.

HEWGILL *v.* M'KENZIE.

THIS was an action for an assault, committed by running against the plaintiff's chaise, and cutting the traces, and reins of the harness. To this the defendant had pleaded a most whimsical plea, that one D. M'Kenzie, whose son and servant the defendant was, had had the chaise, in which the plaintiff was riding, stolen from him; that in order to know who the defendant was, he *gently* ran against the chaise, and that with a knife he then held in his hand, he *gently* cut one of the traces, at which the plaintiff being greatly irritated, he *gently* cut the reins of the harness with the above-mentioned knife, and that all this was done to make the plaintiff tell his name, and place of abode. The facts producing this plea were as follow:—The defendant's father had had the chaise stolen from him by a man of the name of Hughes, who was convicted of the robbery at the Old Bailey. The plaintiff had hired it of a Mr. Newman, a coachmaker, and being out, he met the defendant, who, recognising the chaise, asked the plaintiff where he got that chaise; it was none of his property, for that he, the defendant, had been swindled out of it. The manner of this inquiry displeased the plaintiff, and he

he refused to tell him who he was; but drove on from the Edgware-road to Hammersmith. The defendant followed him; and at Hammersmith, he locked the wheel of his own chaise with one of the plaintiff's; and then got down and cut the reins from the horse's mouth.

For the defendant, it was proved that he repeatedly asked the plaintiff for his address, which he refused to give him. Verdict for the plaintiff. Damages L.10.

JUNE 25.

GALLOWAY v. SIR JOHN HONEYWOOD, BART.

THIS was an action for the value of a horse.

Mr. Erskine stated, that the defendant was a gentleman who was formerly very much upon the turf, and had bought at various times running horses and colts from the plaintiff. The purchase of a colt of the race breed was a mere speculation: if they turned out equal in speed to their sire and dam, they were of great value, and possibly worth much more than the price paid for them. If their spirit should, however, be not equal to their genealogy, their value when horses would be much inferior to the price paid for them when colts. This was the case in the present instance—where a colt by a horse called Balloon, out of a mare whose sire was Javelin, was sold to the defendant for L.262.

The defendant first pleaded the statute of limitations, and afterwards, that he had not received the said colt.

Mr. Garrow said, that his client, Sir John Honeywood, was a very honourable man, although sometimes not overburdened with cash. He was ready to submit this horse account to the arbitration of any gentleman. Referred to Mr. Lowten.

JUNE 27.

THE KING v. HILL DARLEY, ESQ.

THE defendant was brought up for judgment on a conviction of an assault committed on account of money won at play.

Mr. Erskine, on account of the extreme severity of the penalty inflicted by the statute, which amounts to a forfeiture of goods and chattels, and two years imprisonment, pressed very much upon the court the great provocation which the defendant had received by the prosecutor, who was the winner of the money, telling him, "he need only look in the glass, and he would see the face of a rascal." The assault, Mr. Erskine contended, was not in consequence of money won at gaming, but in consequence of this violent provocation. The learned counsel cited a case, where Mr. Justice Buller was of opinion, that in order to bring an assault within the meaning of the statute, it should be committed at the time and place of play; he also put a suppositious case to the court: suppose he himself had twenty years ago won or lost some money at play, and the person with whom he had so played were now to meet him in the street, tax him with not paying his debts of honour, and call him all manner of opprobrious names, it would surely be an inhuman judgment to sentence him to forfeiture of all his goods and chattels, for striking a man who should use such opprobrious language to him.

Mr. Garrow stated, that it had been distinctly left to the jury who tried the cause, to say, whether they believed the assault was in consequence of this provocation, or on account of money won at play.

There being a difference of opinion on this fact, the cause was postponed until there should be an opportunity of consulting Justice Heath, who tried the cause.

MORE

MORE OF HILL DARLEY.

In the same Court.

JUNE 28.

Mr. Erskine said, he understood that, in this case, if the court would consent, the prosecutor had agreed there should be a new trial.

Lord Ellenborough observed, that after a conviction, and the rule for setting it aside had been abandoned, it would be infinitely dangerous to sanction such a compromise between the parties.

Mr. Justice Le Blanc intimated that he had inquired of Mr. Justice Heath, how the matter had been left to the jury, at the trial. The learned judge had directed them to acquit the defendant upon the counts which charged an assault for money won at play, unless they were convinced that the gaming debt was the cause of the assault, and not the provoking language used by the prosecutor.

Mr. Garrow declared he had no instructions to consent to a new trial.

Mr. Erskine then moved an arrest of judgment, on the ground that there being counts for two species of assault, viz. a common assault, and an assault for money won at play, for which there were different judgments, the indictment was bad.

Lord Ellenborough desired him to consider whether it would be advisable to accept of a rule to shew cause; as his client must be confined during the whole of the long vacation, and the punishment afterwards was arbitrary; so that no consideration could be had of his previous imprisonment.

Mr. Erskine replied, he would take the rule. After some conversation with Mr. Hill Darley, however, he begged he might have till to-morrow to consider of his choice.

More of this next Month.

CRIM. CON.

Writ of Inquiry.—Sheriff's Court,

WESTON *v.* WEIR.

THIS was an action charging the defendant, an officer in the South Devonshire Militia, with criminal conversation with the plaintiff's wife. The defendant suffered judgment to go by default, and a writ of inquiry was executed before the Sheriffs of London, to assess damages for the injury sustained.

From the evidence adduced, it appeared that the plaintiff, who is Captain of the 77th regiment, for a long series of time, had been stationed in the East Indies, whether his wife had accompanied him.—The climate, however, not agreeing with her, she was compelled to return again to Europe, as the only means of saving her life.

Her health being restored, she again set sail for the East Indies, where having remained a short time, she again became a sacrifice to the climate, and was compelled to return once more to her native country, leaving her husband with his regiment. A very handsome allowance was made her, and she retired to the West of England, with a view to renovate her constitution, and to indulge in that retirement she wished for in the absence of her husband. A few months since, Captain Weston returned, and, eager to meet the affections of a wife he had long been parted from, he hastened to her supposed residence; but to his astonishment she had left her abode, and was gone no one knew where. A considerable time elapsed before any traces could be found of her flight, when at last she was found living in a state of adultery with the defendant, sequestered in a remote part of the forest of Dartmoor, shut out from all society except the criminal one she had newly formed. Verdict for the plaintiff—*Five Thousand Pounds.*

INFATUATION AND OUTRAGE.

Old Bailey, Thursday, May 26.

MR. JOHN GRANT was brought to the bar, to be tried for maliciously shooting at George Spencer Townsend, Esq. with intent to kill him, on the 18th of April last, between four and five in the afternoon, in Cleveland-court, St. James's.

Mr. G. S. Townsend deposed, that on the evening of the day above mentioned, he was coming home to his house before specified, when the prisoner at the bar started out from behind the posts opposite Lord Carrington's house, with his arms transverse, and a pistol in each hand; one of the pistols was presented with the muzzle, and the other with the butt end towards the prosecutor. Mr. Grant called out "Here, here;" upon which the prosecutor lifted up his stick, with intent to strike the prisoner's wrist, and make him drop the pistols; but Mr. G. by lowering his hand, defeated his intention. The prosecutor then called out to some persons, who he knew lived in St. James's-place, and at the same time turned his back and stooped. He immediately heard a shot fired, and felt, as he thought, some shot strike his back. Upon that he endeavoured to run out of the court, but fell by the way. The prisoner then came up, and fired at him lying down; some of the shot hit him, and left three or four marks on his thigh and ham. A number of persons gathered round; the prisoner was secured and taken to Bow-street immediately. He had known the prisoner upwards of four years, and he had twenty times threatened to shoot him. The reason which he had supposed, and which indeed the prisoner had avowed, was, that he being agent to the family of Miss Ward, the daughter of the late Lord Dudley and Ward, had refused to introduce that gentleman to the company of Miss Ward, and also to sign a paper, recommending him as a fit and proper person to be the husband of that lady. Sir W. Burnaby, a post captain, had lodged at the house of the prisoner's mother, in Sloane-street, where the lady and her friends sometimes visited. The prisoner there saw, and became violently enamoured of the lady, though he never had an opportunity of speaking to her. He had conceived an idea that the prosecutor was his rival, frequently talked of duels, and sent him a letter to that purport on the 25th of March: upon which the prosecutor had him taken to Bow-street, but did not think it worth his while to bind him to keep the peace, and suffered him to be discharged.

John Montgomery, a boy, servant to Mr. M'Carthy, of St. James's-place, about half past two, saw the prisoner near Lord Carrington's door. About an hour and a half after, he heard the report of a pistol, and run to see what was the matter. Just as he turned round the corner of Cleveland-court, he saw the other pistol discharged by the prisoner towards Mr. T. then lying on the ground. His fellow servant, Peter, seized hold of the prisoner, and, with the assistance of some others, took him into custody. He afterwards found some grains of shot fixed in the ground, about the spot where Mr. T. lay, one of which he gave to the sister of Mr. T. and the others he saved, and produced in Court.

Susan Broderick, a milkwoman in Hopkins-street, St. James's, saw the prisoner as if waiting behind the

the posts, and as she came past, he rushed out with such violence, as to drive her off the curb stone, and shortly after she heard a shot.

James Cross, Mr. T.'s servant, said, that when the prisoner was apprehended, he said, "Take me to Bow-street; Oh, take me to Bow-street!"

Mr. W. Wybrow, the surgeon, deposed, that there were three distinct marks, as if grazed by shot, from a pistol, on the sinews of Mr. T.'s ham.

Moss, a Bow-street officer, found a little loose powder, a turnkey, and some other trifling articles, in the prisoner's pocket; but he did not appear to him to be deranged.

The prisoner, in his defence, said, that "his was not a moral case; it was a case of the heart; and the decision of the jury could not possibly be half so agonizing to his feelings as the refusal or the coolness of that young lady towards him!"

He here wept bitterly, and seemed so overpowered by the agitation of his mind, as scarcely to have power to speak. After a short pause, he requested the court to take particular notice that there was no material injury done by either pistol; that he had presented the butt towards Mr. T. and declared in a solemn manner that it was not his intention to take any advantage of that gentleman, or any other person.

Mr. Bond, a gunsmith, deposed, that if the pistols had been properly loaded, in his opinion much more serious consequences must have ensued.

A great number of very respectable witnesses declared their opinion of the prisoner's insane state of mind whenever he entertained any idea of that unfortunate attachment. Mr. Gregson, a solicitor, said, that he would cry like a child that was whipped, at such times as that circumstance was mentioned, and thought the prisoner would be as likely to shoot him, or even himself, as Mr. T. during the influence of such paroxysms. Mr. Gardner said, that he kept a leopard on the top of the house, fed him with entrails of beasts before him, and let the animal loose, as if to oblige him.

Mr. Baron Graham delivered a most excellent charge to the jury, in which he explained the law passed in the 29th year of his present Majesty, by which shooting with intent to kill, is punishable the same as murder, and described the different degrees of madness which affect the human understanding. He left the jury to decide which was the prisoner's case.

They retired a quarter of an hour, and returned a verdict—Guilty—Death.

A HORSE KILLED, &c.

FRIDAY morning, May 27, between nine and ten o'clock, as a servant boy, belonging to the Honourable Mr. Burrell, was riding on horseback, near Charing Cross, a dog ran after, and bit the horse's heel; in consequence of which the animal became totally ungovernable, threw off the boy, who received a violent bruise on the shoulder, and ran with great violence against the shop windows of Mr. Butler, hatter, and Mr. Place, tailor, at Charing Cross, and broke the glass and frames of three bow-windows, and knocked down and bruised a poor woman in so bad a manner as to make it necessary to take her to the Westminster Infirmary, without hopes of recovery. The horse cut himself with the glass, and in plunging broke his thigh. He was afterwards killed.

AMERICAN

AMERICAN HARMONIC PIC NIC.

MR. EDITOR,

MANY of your readers may have heard of the hoax that was put upon a Yorkshire farmer, who emigrated to Virginia, at the conclusion of the American war.—Hearing one evening the croaking of the frogs, near his house, some neighbours, on a visit to him for a drinking match, actually persuaded him, the noise he heard, was that of the hounds in full cry, and that it was the custom in America to hunt by night; in consequence of which, he saddled his horse, and set off to join the pack, which he very shortly did, in a bog up to his horse's neck. The following extract, from the Travels in America, of Priest, the fidler, will shew that men judge according to their vocation, and that as the fox-hunter likened the voices of frogs to those of hounds, so the musician found them in tune, and very full of scientific anti-harmony. But hear Mr. Priest in his own words—"Prepared as I was to hear something extraordinary from these animals, I confess, the first frog concert I heard in America, was so much beyond any thing I could conceive of the powers of those musicians, that I was truly astonished. This performance was *al fresco*, and took place on the night of the 18th instant, in a large swamp, where there were at least 10,000 performers; and I really believe, not two exactly in the same pitch, if the octave can possibly admit of so many divisions or shades of semi-tones. An hibernian musician, who, like myself, was present for the first time at this concert of anti-music, exclaimed, "By Jasus, but they "stop out of tune to a nicety!"

"I have been since informed by an amateur, who resided many years in this country, and made this species of music his peculiar study, that on these occasions the treble is performed by the tree-frogs, the smallest and most beautiful species; they are always of the same colour as the bark of the tree they inhabit, and their note is not unlike the chirp of a cricket: the next in size are our counter-tenors; they have a note resembling the setting of a saw. A still larger species sing tenor; and the under part is supported by the bull-frogs, which are as large as a man's foot, and bellow out the base, in a tone as loud and sonorous as that of the animal from which they take their name.

"To an Englishman lately arrived in this country, there are other phenomena equally curious, as fire-flies, night-hawks, &c. but, above all, such tremendous peals of thunder, and flashes of lightning, as can be conceived only by those who have been in southern latitudes.

"I have thought, if an enthusiastic cockney, of weak nerves, who had never been out of the sound of Bow bell, could suddenly be conveyed from his bed, in the middle of the night, and laid fast asleep, in an American swamp, he would, on waking, fancy himself in the infernal regions; his first sensation would be, from a myriad of musquitos; waking with the smart, his ears would be assailed with the horrid noises of the frogs; on lifting up his eyes, he would have a faint view of the night-hawks, flapping their ominous wings over his devoted head, visible only from the glimmering light of the fire-flies, which he would naturally conclude were sparks from the bottomless pit. Nothing would be wanted at this moment to complete the illusion, but one of those dreadful explosions of thunder and lightning, so extravagantly described by Lee, in Oedipus," page 49. I am, &c.

ALL-IN-TUNE.

Fidlers Acre, Frogmore, Berks.

FETE AT ST. IVES.

MR. EDITOR,

SHOULD the following sketch of a very singular institution, find a place in your justly esteemed Magazine, you will much oblige

Your's, &c. H. N.

London, May 1.

ABOUT a mile and a half from St. Ives—a circumstance I learned while on a late visit there—and on an elevated scite that overlooks the town and bay below, from whence you have a most picturesque view of the rocky shores of Cornwall, as far as the port of Padstow, projecting their craggy fronts in wild irregularity into the broad bosom of the Atlantic, stands a triangular monument of a pyramidical form, about thirty feet high, and twelve feet wide at the bottom. On its sides, about fifteen feet from the base, are the following inscriptions cut in stone:—"Johannes Knill, 1782."—"I know that my Redeemer liveth."—"Resurgam."

This monument contains an empty coffin, hewn out of a solid rock, and is intended for the mausoleum of the gentleman whose name is inscribed on it: the entrance, which is entirely closed up, can only be discovered by an arch on the one side. The idea of such a thing built during the person's own life, on such a spot, appeared to me the most extravagant whim I had ever witnessed; and, I concluded that nothing but a most unaccountable vanity could have given birth to it.

On communicating this idea to my friend, I was thus informed—Mr. Knill said he was for many years collector of the port of St. Ives; and so great was his attachment to that place, that he even quitted situations, both lucrative and honourable to return to it.

"There," said he, "he was happy; for there he was beloved: his talents procured him respect; while his principles did him honour. To the poor and distressed he was a father; to every virtuous man, a friend."—But he had many peculiarities.

This town, and more particularly the church, is built on the sand: and the frequent appearance of human bones, that from this, and other causes, had been scattered over the church-yard, together with the idea that churches—instead of being rendered, by the interment of human bodies, as nauceous as charnel-houses—should be kept as pure as possible, first suggested to him the idea of building this mausoleum.

"Had," continued he, "the same sum been laid out in purchasing and inclosing a plat in the neighbourhood of the town, that might have served the inhabitants as well as himself; it would have been a monument more honourable, though less ostentatious than this."

However, he left St. Ives some years ago, and now resides in London; but he intends to bequeath a legacy of L. 10 per annum, and has already deposited it in trust to the mayor, justice, and clergyman of the town, for the time being, for the purpose of commemorating him once every five years, when the accumulated sum of L.50 is to be disposed of in the following manner: To that poor person who shall have reared the greatest number of children without any assistance from the parish, L.10; to the best of a company of rowers, L.10; to the cloathing of ten virgins in white, &c. who are to march in procession from the town to the mausoleum, and dance round it L.20; and to the trustees, to be spent in a public dinner, L.10. Next Monday, he continued, will be celebrated for the first time, what may properly be

be called the *Knillian Games*, when, if you happen to be so disposed, we will assemble with the spectators.

On Monday last, which was the day appointed, we failed not to be at St. Ives; and fortunately we arrived just in time to see the procession. Before, went some gentlemen of the town, with the trustees, followed by musicians; then came two old virgins, followed by eight young ones, of about seven or eight years of age, closely pressed on the rear by a mob, which on this occasion, was composed of people from far and near, of every age, sex, and condition. Thus arranged, they marched in solemn procession up the hill to pay their devotions to the manes of a man who is not yet dead.

On their arrival at the mausoleum, they did not, as I expected, dance round it, but immediately formed a circle amid the gazing multitude, similar to what I have sometimes seen in our streets, when the folks have been entertained with the sight of bears and dogs dancing to the sound of the bag-pipe. Suddenly, the music striking up, a brisk tune inspired the virgins with an agility, that is equalled only by those who have experienced the bite of the tarantula. This continued about a quarter of an hour, when they concluded by singing the 100th Psalm: and proceeded down the hill, in the same order as when they came up, to enjoy themselves at the table.

We followed them to St. Ives, and after the dinner was over, saw the prize ably contested for, by six rowers, which was won by J. Routlege, after three very good heats. After which, the reward of industry was awarded to a William Frashier, a poor labouring man, who had brought up a family of ten children without parochial assistance.

A RATIONAL DOG.

The property of the Rev. Dr. Worsley, of Gatcomb, in the Isle of Wight; with some Remarks on Asses.

Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow;
He who would search for pearls, must dive below.
DRYDEN.

MAN, in the fullness of his imaginary consequence, has presumed to assert that there is no creature in the universe to possess reason but himself. If this be a true possition, how frequent may he behold in the less favoured animal, actions to put his rationality to the blush; and faculties, only called instinctive, to remind human presumption of its own insufficiency?

Some authors, and those of no mean consideration, have learnedly maintained, that if we must admit of a difference, the partition is often so slender, that a wise man hardly knows where to draw the distinction. Our own immortal Milton was certainly possessed of this sentiment when he composed the following interrogatories:

——"Is not the earth with various
Living creatures, and the air replenish'd; and all these at
Thy command, to come and play before thee? Know'st thou
Not their language and their ways? They also know, and
Reason not contemptibly!
With these find pastime."——

This I have done, Mr. Editor, in the fullness of the author's recommendation, and not only found pastime, but that kind of reasoning which seldom fails to become a check to presumption, while it communicates to the best informed, the highest of mental gratifications; all which I shall endeavour to exemplify by the subsequent narration.

And now Aurora, with the jocund hours, presented one of those lovely mornings, when, softened by a peculiar

a peculiar serenity, every being that has pulsation rejoices with the vegetation that surrounds it. The sun had just exhaled the dews of night when I quitted my inn; and having refreshed myself at the milk-house, on Node's-Hill*, resolved on a trip to Chele-Bay, and the south-westerly parts of this delectable island, so, like the peripatetics of old, took my staff, and pursued my journey, with no other companion but the rural muse.

At Gatcomb, about two miles west of Newport, a fine black-dog, powdered with small white spots, and of the greyhound breed, came across the field from his master's house, towards me, swift as an arrow from the bow of an archer; he presented his nose, pricked up his ears, and wagged his tail; while, with the most significant look I had ever beheld, seemed to say, "Let me be your companion, you will not disapprove my friendship." I encouraged my new acquaintance for his partiality towards me, and consented to comply with his solicitations, for I had frequently found the whimsicality of the canine reasoner, and his playful endeavours to divert, more agreeable to me than the ridiculous frivolity of my own species. We therefore set off together in the most friendly manner, and presently became as familiar as if our acquaintance had been of a long standing; and now he did every thing with me but talk. If a robin perched upon a bramble bough, he flew forward to look into the matter; and when any thing appeared, having human consistency, my new friend returned with the greatest precipitance to warn me of the thing, and put me on my guard. When we came to a runlet of water, he would stay to lap of the current; and, turning up his brilliant eyes, most tenderly seemed to say, "Companion, if thou art thirsty, here thou may'st slack thy craving, like me, to the full of thy wishes." To be brief, my dog was my prime minister, and performed his duty in that capacity with more credit to himself than many moderns who fill that exalted station; for he never led me to act for my discredit, nor forced me, through false representations, to perform projects prejudicial to the interests of those who looked up to me for comforts and protection; he had no private motive to gratify, nor could I accuse him of the smallest peculation: on the contrary, he was a most penetrating companion upon disinterested principles, my playful associate, determined defender, and my accomplished friend. And thus we journeyed together, communicating reciprocal carresses, until we arrived at the White Horse, at Niton, near the sea, a village celebrated for its prodigious crabs, and delicious lobsters. I entered the mansion with an intent to solace myself and companion, but the good woman of the refectory assured me her husband was gone with his fish to Southampton, and she had not so much as a lobster left behind. At this disagreeable news I found myself forced to go farther a-field, so resolved to pass over the High Downs of St. Catherine †, for Chele-Bay. As I turned over the stile, at Niton, my good friend seemed more

* The French having attempted to force Caresbrook Castle, defended by Sir Hugh Tyrrel, were cut off by an ambuscade, in a lane which still bears the name of Deadman's Lane; and, the Tumulus, where the slain were buried, was called Hoddie's-Hill, now corrupted to Node's-Hill.

† St. Catherine's Chapel, on Chele Down, was founded by Walter Gadyton, 1323.

dull

dull than I had before observed him. I had reason to apprehend his distress arose from my disappointment, and I endeavoured to rouse him to more playful measures. At length, as if awakened by some pleasing recollection, he raised up his ears, and darted into the blooming hether. In a few minutes, I heard something cry like a tortured child, it was a fine wild rabbit my friend had taken, and when he had deprived it of life, brought his game and laid it at my feet, and again turning his eyes pleasantly towards me, seemed to articulate thus—"There, fellow traveller, though you were deprived of a meal at the White Horse, at Niton, I have provided one on the Downs of St. Catherine; take it, and refresh thy weary spirits." I took the rabbit by the heels, carressed my new friend in need, and we went merrily over the downs and rocks together, till we arrived at the Old Stone Church, by the bay side, which, with the bays of Brixton and Freshwater, form one dreadful coast, from Broken-End to the Needle Rocks. The whole curve for near sixteen miles, is scattered over with frightful crags, as if, by some convulsion of nature, they were thrown from a vast height, to find a gravitation, the most romantic that ever attracted the eye of the traveller; and when the wind is strong at the south, are more to be dreaded than Scylla, or Charybdis. The white cliffs above them, are in many places more than one hundred fathoms, in a perpendicular direction; and, from this elevation, we may truly say with the poet:

"How fearful and dizzy 'tis to cast one's
Eyes so low! Half way down hangs
One that gathers samphire, dreadful
Trade!——I'll look no more, lest
My brain turn, and I topple
Downward."——

At the western extremity of this disastrous coast, just above the Needle Rocks, is erected, at an immense expence, a most noble light-house, reflecting the highest credit to the Honourable the Trinity Company; for no part of England stood more in need of such a pharos than this, at the confluence of the sea, and the Solant waters.

From the top of this cliff, the country people, as totally insensible of danger, let themselves down by ropes, and merrily suspending between the verge and the billows, shift themselves from rock to rock, inhospitably collecting the eggs of migratory visitors, who prefer this situation for their hours of incubation; nor quit it till their young can take the wing; when the old and new colonies depart together. The bodies of these birds are eagerly collected by the fishermen, for their lobster traps, which they arrange along the shores in a most picturesque manner.

The idea held out in your London newspapers, that an enemy may safely land an army in this quarter, is a blundering mistake; no one who has seen the south bay will assert the possibility.

Here the white waves still lash the crimson shore,
Recede to foam again, and dash with dreadful roar.
No mortal pow'r, howe'er inclin'd to save,
Can snatch the seaman from a wat'ry grave.

While the weather continues serene, a view of these waters, and their land-terminations, is awfully grand; but when the south west blows a hurricane, nothing I have heard or seen can equal the terror the gusts convey to the mind, especially in the dead of the night, when the winter storms in Chele-Bay are perfectly heard in Newport, and the rattle of the innumerable pebbles, at that time put in motion.

Reflecting

Reflecting on the dangers of the sea-worn mariner, I left these tremendous heights; and, with my playful dog, tripped to the green by the church, entered a pleasant house, called the Spaniards, and there found an excellent repast.

Think'st thou thro' life to drink thy cup
all sweet,
Thou'rt wrong: some bitters in the bev'-
rage meet.
And this is right; since ev'ry sage
agrees,
Without its bitters not a sweet shall
please.

I omitted to observe, as I passed Chele, with the rabbit in my hand and the dog by my side, I overtook a being they call, at this place, a gentleman farmer, with a fowling-piece. He seemed to regard me and my friend with a surly aspect. I moved my hat; but he returned not the motion. Just as I had finished my comfortable meal, I heard the report of a gun. I looked round for my dog, but saw him not; he had strayed to the village-green. I leaped up, and flew to the door, when a rustic lad told me the gun was fired by Farmer W——y, at a black dog, for running after his lambs. I instantly concluded the death of my kind companion had been effected by the same surly thing we passed in the lane.

I could have sighed at the dissolution of a common acquaintance, but had a tear ready for my generous and playful quadruped. "If ever the farmer," said I, with warmth, "should arrive at the bar of judgment, may he who is the fountain of mercy remind him of the murder, and may he be forced to acknowledge, with contrition, that when he slew my honest companion, he took away the life of a being possessed of more philanthropy than himself." Such was my affection for this kind creature; and the man of mercy will pardon my exclamation. It is a poor and pitiful benevolence that doth not extend beyond our own species: limited to that narrow sphere, it will daily counteract itself as we advance in life, until it becomes entirely confined to ourselves, and as shrivelled, cold, and forlorn, as flinty avarice in the shades of its detested obscurity.

I had scarce made an end of my reflections, when I beheld my dog enter unhurt. The farmer had missed his aim; and that we might not run the risk of another attack, my friend and I left the inhospitable shores of Chele.

Unwilling to return the way we came, I took the road to Chillerton; and my fellow traveller continuing as entertaining as before, we went merrily on, till we arrived at the back-gate of Gatcomb-house. The dog knew his home; and, as if sensible of the impropriety of proceeding, in the most tender manner caressed me, and bid me farewell; then darting through his master's grounds, leaped the pales and disappeared.

How, Mr. Editor, shall we account for so much knowledge, foresight, and friendship, in what we call the brute? May not this be suggested as a solution? The dog is capable of discriminating the import of sounds, as well as man, and, of course, as competent to observe upon the actions of those with whom he is familiar; at least, I found these principles in the subject of my eulogium, whose friendship I shall never forget, and with whom again I should be happy to find such rational pastime.

The breed of asses, Mr. Editor, in this island, are more particularly encouraged than I have observed any where else; but the asses here are not like those who exhibit the assinine qualities with you. Here

the

the ass—you may tell your London friends—is a most useful, laborious, and patient creature. Their owners are travelling labourers, who have no settled habitation; but, like the patriarchs of old, remove with their families from place to place, as may suit their conveniency, and only abide while they find a job of husbandry. A family of these wanderers I overtook in my return, near Lark Hill-Farm, and it was attended by three of the useful creatures I have described. I presently entered into conversation with the head of the tribe, and he appeared to me a very sensible man; for when I inquired how the world used him, he assured me, as time went by, he had less occasion to complain than many who were placed in a higher station; that his wants were few, and of course the sooner gratified: if, by industry, he could secure to his family twelvepence a-day, he was perfectly at ease, and could keep away the wolf from his natural community; for, having no house-rent or tax to pay, that sum was enough for all his purposes. With this rural philosopher I travelled some distance, till the evening beams directed him to an ample chalk-pit, overgrown with a rich cover of leafy brambles, and a few young oaks; the hawthorn, just capped with silver blossoms, peeped here and there; and, as if greatly delighted with the new adornments of spring, the blackbird was within the cover singing his evening song to the departing sun. The whole train entered this peaceful retreat, and gave me an opportunity to observe closely on their general economy, or preparation for the hours of sleep.

The moment the king of this little community signified his pleasure, he was attended by his faithful servants, the asses. One of them acted as my lord chamberlain, and presented his master with a tent and bedding; a second, as chief butler, furnished his lord with the contents of his larder; and a third officiated as wet nurse to the younger branches of this rambling family, and kindly sustained the heirs of my lady queen in a pair of panniers, her highness condescending to assure me this kind creature was her greatest treasure; for often, when her lacteal fountains were defective, the health-giving nipple of this ass afforded ample sustenance to the darling of her bosom.

Reflecting on the words of my friend Oliver Goldsmith,

> Man wants but little here below,
> Nor wants that little long,

I could find no room to reproach these wanderers; so wished them still happy, reached my inn at Newport, and soon pressed the pillow of a refreshing repose.

N.

MEMOIRS
OF A
CELEBRATED SPORTING LADY.

LADY DAREALL was the only child of a gentleman of large fortune, in Hampshire, who, being a perfect Nimrod in the chase, and doatingly fond of her, having no son to initiate in his favourite pursuits, or to participate with him in the pleasures of hunting and shooting; seeing his daughter a fine robust girl, determined to bring her up in the place of one; and, as she had strong animal spirits, great muscular strength, and rude health, she preferred partaking the field-sports of her father, to the lesson of her French governess and dancing-master, or being con-

fined to work at the tambour-frame of her mother; in spite of whose gentle remonstrances, Mr. Hawthorn, aided by the inclinations of his romping daughter, vowed he would have his plan of education adopted. In consequence, at fifteen, she would take the most desperate leaps, and clear a five-barred gate with the keenest fox-hunter in the county. She was always in at the death; was reckoned the best shot within a hundred miles: having once levelled her death-dealing tube, the fate of the feathered tribe was inevitable, as the spoils she exultingly displayed sufficiently testified, when she turned out her nets to her admiring father.

At seventeen, Harriet Hawthorn, early habituated to exercise, had never felt the baleful curse of ill-health, that exterminator of every comfort. Her height was five feet eight; her person finely formed: she had a commanding and majestic appearance. From the freedom of her education, which had banished *mauvaise honte*, she had acquired a firm tone of voice, an impressive manner of delivering her sentiments, which, if it did not always carry conviction to her auditors, helped to awe them into silence. Her complexion was that of a bright brunette; on her cheeks glowed the rich tints of health, laid on by Aurora, as she hailed the rosy fingered goddess's approach on the upland lawn. Her eyes were of the darkest hazle, full of fire and intelligence; her nose Grecian; her hair a glossy chesnut, which flowed in luxuriant profusion upon her fine formed shoulders, in all its native graces, as she never would consent to its being tortured into the fantastic forms dictated by the ever-varrying goddess, Fashion, to her votaries.

Her mind partook of the energies of her body; it was strong, nervous, and masculine. She had a quick perception of character, and a lively wit, which she expressed in flowing and animated language. Unused from early life to restraint, she could never be induced to put any on her words and actions, but had, to the present moment, done and said whatever struck her fancy, heedless of the world's opinion, which she treated with the most sovereign contempt.

At the period we have mentioned, she met, at a fox-chase, Sir Harry Dareall, a handsome young man, just come of age, with whom she was charmed, by seeing him take a most desperate leap, in which none but herself had the courage to follow him. Mutually pleased with each other's prowess and bold daring, from that time they became constant companions; they hunted, shot, and played backgammon together.

At this crisis, the lovers were divided by Squire Hawthorn's being ordered to Bath by his physicians, after having had a severe fit of his old enemy, the gout, in his stomach. To expel this foe to man, from the seat of life to the extremities, he was sent to drink the waters of Bladud's fount; though, in the Squire's opinion, old Madeira would have been much more pleasant, and of equal utility: but the faculty persisted, and he was compelled to yield. He would not go without his darling Harriet, deprived of whose society he could not exist a single day.

This was Miss Hawthorn's first introduction to the fashionable world, except at an assize, a race, or an election ball. It was all, to her, new and wonderful; she was at first amused by the novelty and splendour of the gay city of Bath, that emporium of cards, scandal, and ceremony. With her ideas of free agency, she was soon disgusted with

with the painful restraint imposed on her by the latter; wild as wind, and unconfined as air, she soon bid defiance to rule and order, determining to please herself just as she used to do at Bramble Hall. In consequence of this wise resolve, she would mount her favourite blood horse, gallop him over Claverton Downs, for a breathing before breakfast—leap off at the pump room—dash in—charge up the ranks between yellow-faced spinsters, and gouty parsons, to the terror of the lame and decrepit—toss down a glass of water—quite forget the spur with which she always rode—entangle it in the fringe of some fair Penelope's petticoat, who, in knotting it, had beguiled many a love-lorn hour, which this fair equestrian demolished in a moment, paying not the least attention to the comments her behaviour occasioned the company to make; such as, "How vastly disagreeable—monstrous rude—quite brutish—only a fit companion for her father's hounds—I wonder, how her mother, who is really a polite well-bred woman, can think of letting her loose without a muzzle!" To audible whispers like these, Miss Hawthorn either laughed contemptuously; or, as her wit was keen and pointed, she made the retort courteous, and by her sarcasms soon silenced her antagonists.

At the balls, she paid as little attention to precedence and order, as she did to ceremony, in the pump room; in vain, the master of the ceremonies talked about it, and about it; in vain he looked sour or serious; she laughed in his face—advised him to descend from his altitudes, that only made him look queer and quizical; then walk to the top of the room, take her place upon those seats held sacred for nobility, that were not to be contaminated by plebeians. In vain this elected sovereign of etiquette talked of his delegated authority, and remonstrated against her encroachments, as indecorous and improper; the men supported her in all these freaks; the women, afraid of her satirical powers, only murmured their disapprobation.

The males were all charmed with the graceful beauty of her person, and the wild playful eccentricities of her manners: she was the toast and admiration of Bath, under the appellation of "*La Belle Sauvage.*" The females concealed the envy they felt at this new rival of their charms, under a pretended disgust at her unfeminized manners, and masculine pursuits; while she felt, and expressed a perfect contempt for their trifling avocations; and used to say they were pretty automatons, whose minds were as imbecile as their persons.

Tired of the dull routine of fashionable follies, as the pleasure of surprising the crowd, lost the charm of novelty, Miss Hawthorn sighed for the time that was to restore her to her early habits. Of all the men that fluttered round, praised her charms, and vowed themselves her devoted adorers, she saw none that could stand in competition, or dispute her heart, with her favourite companion in the chase; the manly, bold, and adventurous Sir Harry Dareall.

Her father, who, by drinking the waters, had expelled the gout from his stomach to his feet, and was content to accept a prolonged existence through the medium of excruciating torments, could not, till pronounced by the faculty to be in a state of convalescence, remove to Bramble Hall. Miss Hawthorn, obliged to remain in a place of which she was heartily tired, sought amusement in her own way, nor gave herself trouble what the company—with whom, to oblige her

S 2 mother,

mother, she associated—thought of her actions.

At length, Mr. Hawthorn, with his family, left Bath, and returned to Bramble Hall, where he soon received a visit from Sir Harry Dareall, who made overtures to the old gentleman of marrying his blooming Harriet. Mr. Hawthorn, discovering the pleasure with which she received the baronet's proposals, accepted the offer with as much eagerness as it was made by the intended son-in-law; and, as the estates joined, and their pursuits were so congenial, every one pronounced it a good match.

Soon after, Sir Harry received the hand of the blooming Harriet, from her father; after which, the new married pair, with a splendid retinue, set off for Leveret Lodge, the seat of Sir Harry, who, with the old fashioned hospitality of his progenitors, ordered open house to be kept for his tenants and dependants. The October, brewed at his birth, and preserved, for this joyous occasion was now poured out in liberal potations, and drank to the health of the bride and bridegroom: an ox was roasted whole in the park, and the plumb pudding of our hardy sires smoked on the festive bord. This rural fete, in the old English style, lasted a week.

Let us now follow Lady Dareall, and view her *entrée* into the great world, aided by all the advantages of youth, beauty, fortune, fashion, and consequence. The admiration of the men, the envy of the women, and the gaze of the multitude. Through the entreaties and remonstrances of her husband and friends, she allowed herself to be presented at court, to have a box at the opera, and so far to comply with the fashionable circles to which she had been introduced, as to attend their routs, and give them at her own house; but these were not the amusements congenial to her mind; and she determined that, as she yielded to her husband's inclinations in town, she would live to please herself in the country. For this purpose she kept her pack of fox hounds, that were reckoned the staunchest in the country: her stud was in the highest condition; her pointers excellent; and the partridges felt she had not forgot to take a good aim.

Obliged by fashion's law to pass some of the winter months in London every year, she soon threw off the restraint that tyrant custom imposes on the sex; amused herself by riding her favourite blood horse Tarquin, against the male equestrians in Hyde Park; or driving her phaeton, with four fleet coursers in hand, through all the fashionable streets, turning a corner to an inch, to the wonder and terror of her beholders. The ladies, who were constantly hearing her admired by the men, for her prowess, and venturous feats of horsemanship, finding Lady Dareall was quite the rage, sickened with envy; determining, as they could not persuade her to follow their fashions, they would aspire to imitate her's.

From hence, we may date the era of women venturing their pretty necks in a fox chase, shooting-flying, and becoming female charioteers, to rival the celebrity of this fair huntress, who was at the head of the *haut ton*, with all these dashing ladies; and we had Dareall riding hats, Dareall boots and spurs, and Dareall saddles.

When Lady Dareall had been married about fifteen years, she had the misfortune to loose her husband, who was thrown from his horse, during a fox chase, and fractured his skull, by attempting a desperate leap, to follow his beloved lady, who had cleared it a few moments before: she saw the accident—immediately sprung from her horse, and, while she sent for a surgeon and

and a carriage—no house being nigh the spot where the accident happened—she threw herself on the ground by his side; and, laying his bleeding head in her lap, shed a torrent of genuine tears over the only man she ever loved. He was unable to speak, but seemed sensible of her tender sorrow; for he feebly pressed her hand, and, before any assistance arrived, he expired in her arms.

She mourned for him with unfeigned sorrow; her "occupation seemed to be gone;" her horses fed quietly in their stalls; while, for the space of three months, the hounds slept in their kennels; and she wore a black riding habit for six. Time, which ameliorates the keenest anguish, and reconciles us to all things, aided by the conviction we cannot recall the tenants of the tomb, failed not to pour its lenient balm into her wounded bosom; and Lady Dareall was "herself again."

Sir Harry left an only son by this lady, the present Sir John Dareall, who, following the example of his father and mother, we see him now at the pinnacle of fashion; a Nimrod in the chase, a Jehu in London streets, and a jockey riding his own matches at Newmarket; a bore at the opera; and pigeon at the ladies faro-table. But he is a mixed character, he seeks celebrity by mixing with men of quality and fashion; to gain the reputation of being one himself, he imitates all their follies, though they are not the sort, from which, by inclination, he is enabled to receive any pleasure; for this, he associates with the wives and daughters of needy nobility, with whom his money will compensate for his manners, though, did he give the sensations of his heart fair play, he would mix among the buxom daughters of his fox hunting neighbours.

To gratify his desire for fame, he will draw straws for hundreds, race maggots for thousands:—has a fine chariot built by Leader, in which he never rides; keeps an opera dancer, whom he seldom sees; but this is to give him *eclat* with the fashionable world, and stamp him a man of high *ton:* for, to indulge his real taste, he steals in a hackney coach, to the embraces of his dear Betsy Blossom, once the dairy maid of his mother, but now his mistress, in a snug lodging in Marybone, whom he admires for the vulgar, but native charms of rosy cheeks, white teeth, and arms as blue as a bilberry.

Lady Dareall, his mother, at the present period, is not yet forty, though she appears much older; for she has grown robust, her complexion is dyed of the deepest bronze, occasioned by living so much on horseback, and exposing herself to the warring elements in all seasons; the burning sun, or the pelting storm, deter her not from her accustomed avocations. By her management of herself, she is so truly case-hardened, that she sets coughs, colds, and sore throats at defiance.

She rises at day-break; plunges directly in a cold bath; makes a meat breakfast; then mounts her fleet mare; and, according to the season, either hunts, shoots, or courses, till dinner. After having visited her stud, sits down at backgammon with the vicar; but if she has a visitor that can play, she prefers her favourite game, chess.

But though she has done every thing to preserve her health, and destroy her beauty, she is still a fine woman, and remains a favourite of the neighbouring gentlemen; is their companion in field sports, and often entertains, with a dinner, the members of the hunt, in the vicinity of Bramble Hall.

SOMETHING

SOMETHING NEW FOR FISHERMEN.

An accidental discovery of the ingenious Citizen Coquebert.

INGENUITY always awakens in me admiration, whether it be the offspring of a beggar or a bishop; and if my gold cannot crown it with rewards, it is certain to meet my warmest recommendations.

There exists a distinction in our London Society, for the encouragement of arts and manufactures, which appears to me ridiculous. The productions of the children, or relatives of persons of rank and distinction, are to be first examined, and first rewarded, and then the mechanics, and those of a lower class.

This conduct—with the greatest respect to the noble president—I declare to be contemptible, and beneath the dignity of any association that professes useful improvements to be its ultimatum.

If the public be served, what is it to that public, whether the service comes from the son of a ditch-born-drab, or a dutchess? Caxton was a foot soldier; Anselm, a bishop; the one built a church, the other improved letters by inventing the art of printing. If distinction was at any time necessary, it was surely here, and the man of real understanding will know where to fix the chaplet. But I am wandering from my subject, let me return.

I quitted Bristol for Cardiff, and arrived at the New Passage about noon, where the ferryman was detained by a company of ladies, on a visit at Lord Clifford's, on a journey of pleasure to the Cambrian Hills.

While I was loitering here, I perceived on an angle, that protruded itself into the Severn, a man striding a log of wood, almost surrounded with fishing lines, he seemed perfectly at ease, and in his left hand held a small book: the singularity of the scene drew me towards him, I ventured to look over his shoulder; he was reading Tacitus; at this instant a small bell tinckled, and his right hand gave check to one of the lines, the while he turned his face towards me, and pleasantly exclaimed—"Un bon poisson Monsieur." I found him inclined to become communicative, and presently obtained permission to examine his piscatory apparatus.

The stranger had screwed a large gimblet into the log he sat on, near to the extremity which hung over the point of land before-mentioned; the gimblet had a flat head, about three inches long, and one and a half over, with two perforations in the middle of the flat part, about an inch asunder; in these holes were placed two pieces of whale bone, bent at their tops like the shepherd's crook, and at the extremity of each crook, suspended a ferret's bell. The Fisherman had sixteen lines to manage, and they spread round him like the sticks of an extended fan: he had contrived a noose at the near end of every line, and eight of these were skilfully placed over each piece of whale bone; the distant end of every line was sunk with a small bullet, and baited with a ground-bait, and here he sat across the log, like a spider in the centre of his own work. The moment a fish touched the bait, the vibration of the line shook the bell, and gave notice to strike, and the prey was hooked.

The ingenuity of this invention, which he assured me was his own, gave me great pleasure; and

and perceiving by his side, a basket with some fine fish in it, convinced me of the success and utility of the plan. I now set down on the log by the side of this rural philosopher, and ventured on a conversation. He told me he was a native of Rouen, in Normandy; and, that at the commencement of the troubles in France, he had fled with the little he possessed to this blessed country, where a man might enjoy his sentiments in tranquillity, and where that kind of toleration was permitted, which made life most desirable: adding, that fishing was his principal amusement; and that the waters of the Severn were sufficiently bountiful to compensate all the ingenuity he might employ to improve an art so pregnant with sobriety and health. As I was remarking on my tablet his observations, the stranger assured me he had not been unmindful of the pursuit I was at that moment employed in; that he had invented a method to multiply written copies in a short space, so as to render great assistance to those whose interest depended on a speedy supply of manuscript. I requested his communication; and he thus went on:—

"The writer has only to put a little soft sugar into his common ink, and with this finish his writing. To multiply his copy, let him take paper unsized, and damp it lightly with a sponge: the wet paper is then laid on the writing, and a flat-iron of a moderate heat, lightly passed over the damped paper, and the copy is instantly produced."

I could not help observing how much society would be obliged by an exercise of his talents in its favour; at the same time recommended him to apply with his ability to the Society for improving the Arts, where profit must attach to one so deserving as himself. He shook his head, and smiled, "I am poor and mean, and have no great man to recommend my exertions;" said he, "and am on this account apprehensive my endeavours will be vain." I requested his name, he answered Coquebert, once a member of the Philomathic Society of Paris.

How much to be lamented is the narrow policy of our associations for the pretended encouragement of arts and manufactures! Seven-tenths of their committees, being ignorant of true merit, are led to decide partially; and individual ability is lost to the public, or driven to the murky damps of obscurity.

Where there is a real intention to encourage merit, it will unequivocally manifest itself. The members will listen to information; set inquiry on the foot; and, as the sun does the helpless aurelia, warm the ingenious and modest artist into life. Such members will never be biassed by the ridiculous etiquette of fashion and distinction; they will not wait for the great man's approbation and recommendation; they will lead merit gently into existence, and, though unarrayed in the splendid coat of the peacock, present it to reward and favour.

Such gentlemen are the real encouragers of the arts, and scorn to leave abilities like Citizen Coquebert's, to fish for a dinner, or to sit where fiddlers and dancing-masters assemble in judgment on the merits of men of science; the studies of whose lives have been to combine the powers of the wedge, the screw, the pulley, and the fulcrum, for the general benefit of society; and disdain to give a voice where committees distribute rewards with the wisdom of Midas, and the inflated presumption of the Phrygian Marsyas. N.

EXTRACTS

FROM THE NEW PLAY OF

THE MARRIAGE PROMISE.

Of which see an Account, in our Magazine for April last, Vol. XXII. P. 39.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

Enter MERTON *and* SIDNEY, *amidst the Shouts and Acclamations of the Villagers.*

Sidney.

WELL! here we are at last—the good people seem overjoy'd to see you, Charles.

Mer. They have, indeed, given me a kind reception *(sees Jeff.)* Ah! what my old friend, my companion, my second father *(they embrace.)*

Jeff. My dear, dear boy.

Mer. How fares it, Jeff?

Jeff. Why I thought I was a hale, strong old man, but I find I am as weak as a child; for childish tears and sobs prevent my speech, or I would tell you how overjoy'd I am to see you—I shall recover myself presently, and then I have a thousand things to say to you *(embraces him.)* The blessings of an old man, and all Heav'n's comforts, light upon you. [*Exit.*

Sid. An old relation, Charles, I suppose?

Mer. An old servant, Sidney.

Sid. A servant! you shou'd keep up your dignity, Merton.

Mer. I know no dignity but what must yield to the dignity of virtue—I esteem and venerate that old man; and for my whole estate, I wou'd not insult his honest heart with the freezing *hauteur* which your dignity requires.

Sid. You have some strange notions; but a little knowledge of the world will soon dissipate them—you have yet to learn what it is to live in style—you must get rid of these rigid ideas of honour and equity, and strict justice—they are quite incompatible with the character of a man of the world—you don't know the value of ten thousand a year.

Mer. I value it as it will give me ten thousand opportunities of rendering happiness to my fellow-creatures.

Sid. Ay, that is all very well to be sure—I like to be charitable myself sometimes—but I seldom have it in my power.

Mer. How so?

Sid. My creditors are such uncharitable rogues.

Mer. Your estate is considerable too.

Sid. Yes, Charles, pretty well; and by means of hazard and *crim. con.*—settlements and ruin'd spinsters, and dashing curricles, race horses and opera girls, punting and pick-nickery, I have been enabled to improve it wonderfully.

Mer. Indeed!

Sid. Yes, I have clipp'd off all the straggling meadows, the ins and outs, and ragged ends, and it is now all within a ring-fence, my boy.

Tand. (without) John! Robert! Thomas! I hope every thing is properly prepared.

Sid. Ha! what strange animal have we here, Charles? *(looking out.)*

Mer. You know, Sidney, my long residence on the Continent has made me as much a stranger here as yourself.

Enter TANDEM.

Tand. (addressing himself to Sidney) Sir, your most obedient and very humble servant—I have, Sir, the honour to be intrusted with the management of your affairs—I am steward—my name is Timotheus Tandem—I am a man of business—I was for a short time steward

to

to your late father—a man of honour—was continued in that office by Mr. Mindful, your guardian—a man of probity and wisdom—hope still to remain so by your own appointment—I see he is a man of fashion—permit me to tell you that you are the very image of your late much lamented father—you are, as I may say, his counterpart—whilst I look at you, I almost think I have him before my eyes—look a little this way, if you please, Sir—Oh, the very turn of his eye, and his walk too, exactly.

Mer. (advancing) You address yourself to me, I presume, Sir—my name is Merton.

Sid. Ha! ha! ha!—pray, Charles, was my father acquainted with your mother?

Tand. Bless my soul, what an unlucky mistake. *(Aside.)* Exactly so, Sir—exactly—'tis as you say—Sir, I have the extreme pleasure to wish you joy on your coming to the possession of your estate, which consists of fifteen hundred acres of arable land, four hundred ditto of meadow ditto, one hundred and sixty ditto of ditto covered with water, two hundred ditto of wood ditto, besides various farm-houses and other dwelling-houses, barns, stables, cow-houses, and various other tenements, water-streams, water-mills, and wind-mills, rights of commons, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera—all this estate being freehold except about——

Mer. We'll talk of this some other time, if you please.

Tand. Certainly, Sir—certainly—hates business I see—a man of pleasure—so much the better.

Sid. I hope to gain information from you on more interesting topics—and first, I'll ask you concerning the females—how are they here?—

Tand. He's a man of inquiry.—They are all pretty well, I thank you.

Sid. I mean as to their persons.

Tand. Short and fat—what we call a little chubby or so—snub noses—red cheeks—thick lips—sun-burnt complexions—and gummy about the ankles.

Sid. Not very tempting?

Tand. We have two or three of a finer sort—hair, jet—skin, ivory—lips, red and pouting—eyes, blue or black—teeth, pearl—bosoms—Oh, but if you'll condescend I'll introduce you, and you shall judge for yourself.—Girls of gig—fond of romping—tea and coffee—talk scandal and make love—a glass of wine—a rubber at whist, or a pool at pope joan or commerce—cross questions and answers—cry the forfeits—buz and black faces—a game at blindman's buff, and go home——

Sid. Very pleasant, indeed, Mr. ——

Tand. Tandem is my name, Sir—Timotheus Tandem—I am a man of business.

Sid. (aside to Merton) This fellow will afford us some amusement; he is really a character.

Mer. (aside to Sidney) A very whimsical one, indeed.

Sid. Mr. Tandem, I shall be happy to become better acquainted with you.

Tand. Sir, you do me great honour—a man of discernment, I see—any thing in my way to make myself agreeable; a morning's chat, or an afternoon's soak; a pipe and a game at cribbage, backgammon, bowls, or billiards—politics or mensuration—take a part in a catch or a glee—play the fiddle for a country dance, a hornpipe, or a Scotch reel—draw a lease, or make your will—crack a joke—puns and conundrums—nothing comes amiss—I am a church and king man, and a good shot. Pray, Sir, what can you do?

Sid. Really I am very deficient in most of these accomplishments.

Tand. A man of modesty, I see.—At our club, Sir, there I talk to them;—there's Parson Puzzle, a man of many words, we argue together, but I always beat the parson—so I do at all-fours and brag.

Mer. I don't doubt the latter.

Tand. Then, Sir, there is Daniel Dawdle, our apothecary, a man of pills, potions, prescriptions, and gallipots—I have convinced him a thousand times that I know more of physic than he does—I have confuted him till he is become as sour as cream of tartar—he! he! he!—I beg pardon for laughing, Sir—in fact, Sir, I may truly be called the light of the village—I teach the schoolmaster Latin—the attorney law—and the farmers agriculture and the art of breeding.

Sid. I should rather have thought that you preferred teaching the farmers wives the latter art.

Tand. He! he! he!—I beg pardon for laughing, Sir.—Very true, Sir.—A man of wit, I see—I like him the better—I'm fond of men of talent.

Mer. I may consider myself happy as having in my employ a person of so much knowledge as Mr. Tandem.

Tand. Oh, Sir, you confuse me, you do, indeed—come he is no fool—he's a man of taste.

Sid. Pray, Mr. Tandem, is it not near the dinner hour!—the country air gives me an appetite.

Tand. *(looking at his watch)* The dinner will be on table in five minutes.

Sid. *(aside to Merton)* Ask him to dine with us.

Mer. If I thought our dignity would not suffer.—Mr. Tandem, we hope to be honoured with your company.

Tand. O, Sir--I--I--he has found out that I am a man of pleasure.

Sid. There is some famous old wine in the cellar, I dare say.

Tand. So old, Sir, that I expect to see a few dead men this afternoon—ha! ha! ha!—I beg pardon—and if you are fond of ale we have some humming stuff—a glass or two of it will make your head spin like a tetotum.

Mer. You know, Sidney, I have but a poor head for the bottle, you must excuse me.

Sid. You only want practice.

(A Bell rings.)

Tand Gentlemen, that is your call.

Mer. Come, I'll shew you the way. [*Exit.*

Sid. I say, Mr. Tandem, are you fond of fun?

Tand. I love it dearly.

Sid. My friend is a philosopher; he won't drink.

Tand. A philosopher and not drink!—impossible!—wine always makes me a philosopher.

Sid. I want to see the sober, jesuitical rogue under the table.

Tand. Well, that is friendly, however.

Sid. Will you assist me? shall we soak the philosopher?

Tand. With all my heart: if you'll not betray me, I am your man—I dare say he'll be cursed comical in his cups—I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll serve him as I did Block the Butcher—a man of—of—twenty stone weight—I put some brandy into his beer—made him so drunk that he did not know a pair from a prial, and then won all his money from him at cribbage—that's the way to get on—Oh let me alone—I am a man of business.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.—SCENE IV.

A Grove.

Enter SIDNEY.

Sid. What, nothing stirring—no mischief to be done—If I stay this

this place three days longer, I shall grow as dull and stupid as any country 'squire in his majesty's dominions.—What shall I do with myself?—I must break my neck over a five barr'd gate, or blow my brains out with a fowling piece, I suppose; for some amusement I certainly must have, or die of the vapours.—Soho!—Soho!—I spy game—a charming girl indeed—how lightly she trips along—Pshaw! there's a cursed old woman hobbling after her. [*He retires.*

MARGERY *speaks without.*

Mar. Indeed, young lady, your legs are too nimble for threescore and ten—I must sit down and rest myself on this stile.

EMMA *without.*

Emma. Do so if please, Margery.

Enter EMMA.

Emma. Yet do not stay—for I'd fly swifter than the dove who seeks his absent mate—the air born gossamer, urg'd by the summer's breath, flies not so fast as my desires. As I live, yonder's the conceited spark who makes love to all the girls in the village, and imagines they are all in love with him.—I'll try to match him if I can. [*Sings.*

Sid. *(coming forward)* What the devil shall I say to her!—Oh—any nonsense will do—Sweet is the pipe of the shepherd upon the plain—pleasing the note of the lark as she soars—lovely the song of the nightingale in the shade—but pipe of tuneful shepherd, note of spright-lark, nor song of nightingale delight my soul so much as thy angelic voice.

Emma *(affecting great simplicity)* Oh lud!—Oh lud!—how fine! do pray say it over again, Sir.

Sid. By heaven you are an angel!

Emma. Am I indeed!—well now, do you know I never was told so before—country people are so stupid—it's nothing but my duck, and my darling, and sweeting, but you say—by heav'n you are an angel—well, the truth on't is, I never heard any body talk so to please me before, *(a pause)* go on Sir.

Sid. She's quite a ninny.—*(Aside)*—Were I to talk for years, I could not say enough in your praise—charming creature—I love you—I adore you.

Emma. What! so soon?—if you love me so much now, what will you do by-and-by, when you know me better?

Sid. Oh ho! this is no twelve months siege. *(Aside.)*

Emma. I am sure I ought to be very much obliged to you for loving me so well—but are you sure now that it is all real, true love, and not that fly-away sort of love that's here to-day and gone to-morrow?

Sid. True love I swear, sweet girl, and thus I seal the oath. *(Offering to kiss her.)*

Emma. *(repulsing him)* Nay, you need not seal it now, for there is no one by to witness it.

Sid. That's not so simple.—Well then, I swear by Cytherea's doves, and by young Cupid's bow and quiver, that I love you truly.

Emma. Oh, charming!—delightful!—I could listen to you for a whole month—*(pause)* pray go on, Sir—come, say something else, will you?

Sid. You shall go to the great city with me, and I'll make an empress of you.

Emma. An empress! well, I should like to be made an empress—but will you really take me to London?

Sid. I will, by the chariot of Phœbus.

Emma. I'd rather go by the stage coach.

Sid. By what conveyance you please, my shepherdess of Arcadia.

Emma. And will you shew me all the sights!—the giants at Guild-hall, and the lions in the tower?

Sid. Oh yes—I'll shew you the lions.

Emma. But you won't serve me as the song says, will you?

Sid. How is that?

Emma. If you'll promise not to look at me I'll sing it for you.

Sid. Oh, I'll not look upon my honour.

Emma. I must make sure of that, for I should so blush if you were to see me—I must put this handkerchief over your eyes.

Sid. No, no—there's no occasion for that.

Emma. Yes, but there is tho'—for I cannot sing if any body sees me. *(She ties the handkerchief over Sidney's eyes.)*

Sid. Well, if it must be so—it must—a very pretty figure I cut here.

Emma. Now, are you sure you can't see?

Sid. I am as blind as love—zounds—don't pull so hard.

Emma. Now listen.——*(She sings.)*

Sid. A very tragical story indeed.

Emma. Oh, but you must not take the handkerchief off yet, for I have something to say to you, and I wou'd not have you see me for the world.

Sid. What is it?—I am all ears.

Emma. Give me a little time to think how I shall tell you, for I am going to break my mind to you—I——

Enter MARGERY.—EMMA *beckens to her, and places her between herself and* SIDNEY.

Sid. *(taking Margery by the hand)* Speak, my angel—come, I know what you wou'd say to me—by this trembling hand I can tell.

Emma. You are so impatient—well now I vow cannot tell you, it's so very silly. [*Exit Emma slowly.*

Sid. Come, rest yourself on my knee *(pulling* MARGERY *towards him)* Oh moment of ecstacy, I can withhold no longer—*kissing her with fervour.)*

Enter TANDEM.

Tand. (Ha! ha! ha!—

SIDNEY *tears the handkerchief from his eyes*—MARGERY *curtsies.*—TANDEM *continues to laugh.*

Sid. What! has that gipsey been quizzing me all the while?

Tand. Ha! ha! ha!—So you are a man of intrigue, I see—he! he! he! beg pardon for laughing.

Sid. What does all this mean?

Tand. So you were determined to have a little blindman's buff—ha, ha—he's a man of gallantry.

Sid. Where can she be gone?

Tand. She's not gone, Sir—here she is—here's your love. *(Pointing to Margery.)*

Sid. Psha! damnation! [*Exit Sidney.*

Tand. Won't you take the lady with you? very rude indeed.—Come, lovely fair, give me your hand.——"Oh thou wert born to please me."— [*Exeunt singing.*

ACT IV.—SCENE II.

A Grove.

Enter TANDEM.

Tand. But I'll transfer my love—I'll make some other fair one happy—Let me see, who shall it be?—Ha!—here's little blindman's buff coming again—I'll attack her—Curse me, though, if I think I am match for

for her.—I believe I had better send her my proposals in writing. [*Withdraws.*

Enter EMMA.

(*Writing verses in a small pocket-book, and reading.*

EMMA (*reading.*)

My love I love, and love in vain:
I'll keep the secret here.
Love—gentle love, why cause such pain?
It is not love, but fear
That my love loves not me.

Tand. Oh she's touch'd—she has it—can be nobody but me—there's no other agreeable person in the village—(*comes forward*) A very pretty song, Miss Harvey.

Emma. I am glad it pleases you, Sir.

Tand. She's glad it pleases me. (*aside*) Love is—hem!—love is—is love.

Emma. It is indeed, Sir.

Tand. Ay, you know what it is—I have some reason to believe, Miss, that you are a little disposed that way. He! he! he!—I beg pardon for laughing—I am quite serious, I assure you—Are you not a little—just a little touch'd about here?

Emma. Oh yes—I am very bad there.

Tand. Feel a little queer—Nothing more natural.

Emma. Were you ever in love, Mr. Tandem?

Tand. Hem!—(*looking significantly*) Never so much as now.

Emma. Heigho!

Tand. Why do you sigh? Oh the sweet creature!—What causes such emotion in that tender breast? Oh, how she looks at me!—Speak—declare—who are you in love with?

Emma. If I am in love, 'tis with one on whom nature has lavish'd her choicest gifts.

Tand. Oh, Miss!—

Emma. A person, all elegance and grace.

Tand. She must mean me.

Emma. A countenance divine.

Tand. You flatter—indeed you do.

Emma. A heart full of benevolence, and a mind replete with every virtue.

Tand. A very highly finished picture, indeed, Miss!

Emma. Not equal to the original, I assure you, Sir.

Tand. Indeed you flatter—you do, indeed.

Emma. I did not think the fellow was so great a coxcomb. (*Aside*)—You won't say I flatter if I draw you another picture of a man who thinks I am in love with him.

Tand. Some conceited puppy, I dare say.

Emma. An ignorant silly fellow.

Tand. Ah—no doubt.

Emma. As ugly as he is vain.

Tand. Oh the wretch!

Emma. As full of noise and impertinence as a magpie.

Tand. A magpie!—a conceited fool!

Emma. A heart full of selfishness—and a head full of folly.

Tand. God bless me! and with all these faults he dares pretend to you?—Amazing effrontery!

Emma. How do you like that picture?

Tand. I really can't find out the likeness.

Emma. No—you can't see him—but I can—Ha! ha! ha!—Good bye, Mr. Tandem—how do you like your portrait? Ha! ha! ha!—I beg pardon for laughing. (*Mimics*) [*Exit.*

Tand. I don't much like the portrait—but there is no one living whom I have a greater regard for than the original. [*Exit.*

INSTALLATION.

INSTALLATION.

FETE AT RANELAGH.

WEDNESDAY night, the 8th inst. a most magnificent Fete was given at Ranelagh, in honour of the Installation of the Knights of the Bath, which took place the 19th ultimo.

A superb temporary building was erected, on the right of the Rotunda, under the direction of Mr. Marks, which was one of the most complete and extensive structures ever exhibited on a similar occasion, being one hundred and sixty feet long, by eighty feet wide, and in height thirty-five feet, covered with floor-cloth.

The principal entrance was under a beautiful arch of variegated lamps, supported by two columns, representing the entrance to London by Hyde-park Corner. Within the building, were two rows of growing sycamore trees, twelve in each, completely covered in. The trunks of the trees were covered with green baize, as were also the seats and floor, except the part appropriated for dancing, on the left-hand side.

The company began to assemble between eight and nine o'clock. Every precaution was taken by the Knights to keep the company strictly select, to make the entertainment worthy their noble guests, and to prevent the admission of improper persons. The gentlemen, therefore, all came in full court dresses, or naval or military uniforms. The tickets, which had a most elegant device, emblematical of the entertainment, were engraved for the occasion, and signed and sealed by Lord Henley: they were checked at two places, and Sir James Henry Craig attended at the first door, and examined them. The company continued coming till between one and two o'clock. By ten, the roads leading to Ranelagh were completely blocked up; those who came through Westminster reached to Buckingham-gate, and those from the west end of the town to Hyde-park Corner. Mr. Sheridan ordered his carriage to go by way of Sloane-street, and, on his arrival at Chelsea, got into Ranelagh in a few minutes, and had the laugh against a number of his friends, who had been detained in the ranks of the carriages between two and three hours. A large party of the Guards and the Light Horse attended, to keep the carriages in the roads assigned to go and come. Macmanus, Townsend, Sayers, and a large party of the police, were also stationed to keep the peace. The company, on their arrival, entered the temporary room. Soon after they began to assemble, they were entertained by the bands belonging to the three regiments of Guards, divided into two parties, in full uniform, playing martial music.

About half past ten, the Duke and Duchess of York arrived, attended by Sir J. Shelly, the Hon. Charles Spencer, Colonel Taylor, Mr. Upton, Mr. Stepney, Mr. Smith, Lady E. Spencer, and Lady A. C. Spencer. The Duke of Clarence soon after followed.

As soon as the rooms were full, Mr. Fawcett, coming forward in the character of a Crier, delivered, in a kind of chaunt, an Address or Proclamation. See our poetical department.

About eleven, a ballet entertainment, of four acts, got up under the direction of Messrs. Fawcett and Byrne, was brought forward, consisting principally of singing and dancing, on a temporary stage; it was accompanied by a very nume-

rous

rous band, in which were some of the first-rate performers, led by Mr. G. Ashley.

The overture to the ballet was a parody on the overture to Lodoiska, composed by Morehead. The music to the dances was selected by Mr. Byrne, from the late Mr. Bossi. The story was about two valiant Knights, one of whom proved treacherous, and was detected by a child—Master Byrne. The principal dancers were, Mr. and Master Byrne, and the four Misses Adams. The ballet was got up, with entirely new dresses. The *pas de deux* between Mr. Byrne and Miss Adams, was particularly light, elegant, and well executed, and seemed to give great satisfaction to the noble spectators. Incledon sung the new song, composed expressly for him, by Mazzinghi, " When Order in this Isle began." Johnstone sung " Paddy's Description of Pizarro." Fawcett sung the celebrated mock Italian song, Bravura, and a new one written for the occasion, called the " Chapter of Knights," to the tune of the " Chapter of Kings." Denman took the principal part in the glee of the " Red Cross Knights," and the Divertisement concluded with a song by Incledon, in the character of a sailor, accompanied by a full chorus.

The Rotunda was laid out for supper in much the same style as at Boodle's Fete, except that every possible addition that could make it surpass that occasion was added. Eight sets, of five tables each, were laid within the circle, each set tapering from the outside to the inside of the circle, the outer table being very long, and the inner very short. These tables, which were prepared by Mr. Weale, of Edward Street, accommodated 1200, all seated on chairs. The boxes accommodated seven or eight hundred more; so that nearly all the company could sup at once. The banners of the Knights were hung over the boxes; the grand box for the Duke of York made a most splendid appearance; the multitude of variegated lamps, in various forms, of flowers, of branches of laurel, and every fanciful ornament, gave to the Rotunda a splendour and brilliancy which it never before possessed. A full band performed in the centre, and all the music was well conducted. The supper, for such a large company, was most elegant and costly. There were green pease in profusion, though they were very dear, and about a thousand hot dishes were laid. Grapes and cherries, at a guinea a pound, were in plenty. There were also strawberries at three shillings a thumb.—Gentle reader, the measurement of a thumb is sixteen strawberries.—These thumbs were fingered away most rapidly; for, of all the fruit, the strawberries seemed the most in request. Before the supper was quite over, the curtain drew up from a box, which we believe is usually the orchestra, and discovered Incledon, Fawcett, and Miss Howell.

Cloths were laid in the boxes, and on tables in the centre of the Rotunda, for about 2000 persons, and although there were from that number to 2500, yet the greatest order prevailed. The supper was sumptuous in the extreme; there were 900 quarts of pease, at 14s. per quart, and every other rarity that could possibly be procured; the wines were excellent, and consisted of Champagne, Burgundy, Madeira, Sherry, and Port, in great profusion. On the middle table was a large raised cold pie, in the form of a three decker man of war, with

with the English colours flying over those of the French republic, and the word Bonaparte on her stern, which was much admired. The whole reflects the highest credit on the liberality of the Knights, who spared no expence to render their entertainment truly grand, as it does also on Mr. Waud, who was the caterer and conductor of the business.

During the supper, the company were entertained by the three martial bands playing together in an orchestra, in the centre of the Rotunda; and the peformance of so numerous a band had a very grand effect. They were relieved by Mr. Fawcett and his party singing glees.

About three o'clock the dancing commenced on a temporary floor in the ball-room. The first dance called for was, "Jenny's Baubee, or Molly put the Kettle on," which was led off by Miss Eden, daughter of Lord Auckland, and Colonel Thornton. The second dance was the "Isle of Sky." The third was a German Waltz, led down by Lord James Murray and Lady Mary Thynne.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, attended by Sir W. W. Wynne, Colonel M'Mahon, and Mr. Forrester, entered Ranelagh about eleven o'clock.

The Prince's box was brilliantly illuminated. The Duchess of Devonshire and Mr. Sheridan were of his Royal Highness's party to supper. The orchestra belonging to the gardens was fitted up as a box for their Royal Highnesses of York to sup in: the Duke of Clarence was of their party. The Prince and the Royal Dukes wore uniforms, and they all appeared in excellent health.

In addition to the songs before enumerated, were sung, "The Post Captain," by Incledon, in his best style; and also "The Jolly full Bottle," in full chorus. Mr. Johnstone's favourite song of "Paddy's Description of Pizarro," in character, was one of the richest treats of the evening. Fawcett's "Red Cross Knights," sung from a box in the supper room, followed by catches and glees by a company of vocal performers, contributed much to the conviviality of the evening.

For a copy of the new loyal song, which we mentioned to have been sung by Mr. Incledon, see also our poetical department.

The Prince and his royal brothers left Ranelagh nearly at the same time, about two o'clock in the morning.

Several accidents, as might be expected, took place in the course of the night. A footman had his leg broken by the pole of a carriage running against him, while behind his master's. A coachman got severely bruised in the foot by a carriage running over it. A person running across the road got jammed between two carriages, not far from Ranelagh door, and was dangerously hurt. A young man received a violent kick from a cavalry horse. Parties of the guards, and parties of horse were stationed at the different avenues leading to Ranelagh; and, by their keeping off the crowd, no doubt prevented much mischief from taking place.

At five o'clock in the morning the string of carriages, in many places double rows, reached from Ranelagh to Buckingham Gate; besides some hundreds which were in waiting on Ranelagh Green.

It would be an endless task to enumerate the whole of the company present; as we might nearly include the whole of the fashionable world.

A ROYAL

A ROYAL CHESS PLAYER.

PRINCE Bathiani, a branch of one of the first families in Hungary, says a Member of the late National Assembly, seems to possess no ambition beyond an endeavour to analyze the whole composition of the game of chess. Could Addison's ideas be followed up in the dissection of the brain of this man, he observes, nothing would be found in it but the various models of all the pieces made use of in this game, from the Pawn up to the King. He sees, he hears, he thinks of nothing but Chess.—It is the first thought of his waking hours; and the last of his nocturnal slumbers. All the motives that move and agitate other men, are to him dull and inert. "In vain," says the French writer of this account, "did I endeavour to detach him but for a moment from the precious continuity of his own ideas, by introducing some observations upon the situation of his country. To these he made no reply; but, pulling a small Chess-board out of his pocket, he assured me he had it made at London, by one of the ablest artists of which Great Britain had to boast."

Resembling the ancient knights errant that ranged through hill and dale in search of adventures, Prince Bathiani has traversed all Europe, with no other view than to obtain the superlative happiness of throwing down the gauntlet to some of the ablest players. It was, perhaps, jestingly said of this Prince, that he had an idea of travelling into Asia, to discover whether any of the race of Palamedes were still in existence.

There can be no doubt, that his journey to Rome, about the year 1794, was for the purpose of learning the abilities of the Chess players in that city. For three months he was most rigorously incog. He also lost considerable sums; but was by no means cured of the vain conceit of his own abilities.—At best, but a very middling player, he was continually intoxicated with the eulogiums heaped upon him by artful and designing men. Dining one day at the house of his banker, an abbé being present, and proposing a party at Chess, it was accepted by the prince with great pleasure; when the abbé, after considerable success, perceiving that his want of attention had nearly been prejudicial to him, suddenly exclaimed, "What a fool am I; I have been almost as conceited as Prince Bathiani."—The banker, who was a looker on, felt an uncommon embarrassment. The prince, however, without betraying any symptoms of surprize, asked the abbé "Why he said he was as conceited as Prince Bathiani?" "Because," replied the other, "I have often heard that this German prince is a tolerable Chess player, but that his vanity is so great, that he believes himself the first player in the world; while the proof of the contrary exists at Vienna, where he lost fifty thousand crowns."—"That is false," replied the prince, "he lost no more than forty."—"Well," said the abbé, "that is enough to prove him forty times a fool." It is scarcely necessary to add, that this party soon broke up. The Prince paid his loss, and went out abruptly. The abbé's curiosity being awakened to know his partner, the banker, unable to resist his importunities, informed him that this was Prince Bathiani himself.—"That," exclaimed the abbé, "is impossible:" however, to be convinced, he followed the prince's chariot towards the place d'Espagne, and being soon after completely satisfied, he had only to regret that he did not derive more advantage from the opportunity that had been afforded him.

REVIEW OF THE ORIGIN AND USE OF DICE, CARDS, &c.

Concluded from p. 73 of last Number.

IN the review that has been taken of dice and cards, now become engines of so much destruction, there appears a distinction to be made between games of skill, and games of chance.—The former require application, attention, and a certain degree of ability to promote success in them; while the latter are devoid of all that is rational, and is equally within the reach of the highest and lowest capacity. —To be successful in throwing the dice is one of the most fickle achievements of fortune; and therefore, the principle game that is played with them is very properly styled "Hazard!"—But it requires some exertion of the mental powers; of memory at least, and a turn for such diversions, to play well many games on the cards. The gamester of skill at first sight, may seem to deserve more favour than the gamester of chance. Now, while cards are played merely as an amusement or diversion, there is, no doubt, more rationality in a recreation that requires some degree of skill and judgment in the performer, than in one, like dice, totally devoid of all meaning whatever. But when the pleasure becomes a business, and a matter of mere gain, there is more innocence, perhaps, in a perfect equality of antagonists—which games of chance, fairly played, encourage—than where one party is likely to be an overmatch for the other, by his superior knowledge of the game. Yet, even games, of chance may be artfully managed, and the most apparently casual throw of the die be made subservient to the purposes of chicanery and fraud. The nature of cards must be mixed; most games having in them a portion of skill and chance; since the success of the player must depend as much on the chance of the deal, as on his skill in playing the game. But even the chance of the deal is liable to be perverted by all the tricks of shuffling and cutting; not to mention how the honourable player may be deceived in a thousand shapes by the craft of the sharper, during the playing of the cards themselves; consequently, professed gamblers of all denominations, whether their games be of apparent skill, or mere chance, may be hustled together, as equally meritorious and equally infamous.

There is one game, which, though it belongs to neither cards nor dice, nor is in any shape an instrument of destructive gambling, yet deserves a brief mention here, as a contrast to them both, in point of innocence and rational amusement; and that is the game of chess.—If inquiry be made into its antiquity, it will be found to have been a game of Indian invention, of uncertain date, but introduced from thence into Persia. The Persians are supposed to have taught it to the Arabians, with whom probably it travelled westward, when they spread themselves over Africa, Spain, and other countries, under the appellations of Saracens and Moors. William the Conqueror, who was himself a famous chess player, is said to have brought this game into England; though others mention the time of the crusades. It is a game held in great repute in most nations, though somewhat varied in its method of being played. It owed its birth to the camp, and its origin was closely connected with military ideas? many of which, however, are less apparent at present,

sent, owing to the changes that have been made in the names and figures of the pieces. If any deviation from the primitive purity of chess, as an entertaining and innocent pastime, be attempted to be traced, it will be found equally spotless in its present execution, as in its first invention; since, being adapted to the disinterested notions of martial fame and honour, it disdains pecuniary rewards; and its views of conquest are for the glory of victory alone. If inquiry be made into the nature of the game, it consists in execution of pure skill, and deep judgment, being neither subject to chance, nor capable of fraud. If attention be paid to the eagerness of its pursuit, it will be found, that notwithstanding its being devoid of all manner of interest, it is followed up with as much avidity as if thousands were depending on the event. Chess then may be deemed a truly noble and royal game, and worthy the attention of those great personages who are recorded to have excelled in its practice. The only objection that seems to lie against it, as a mere pastime, is this, that it is too full of study and thoughtfulness to answer the purposes of relaxation, or unbending the mind, which, on such occasions, should be amused without any fatigue, or exertion of its powers. For this reason chess has been styled a philosophic game, fit only to be played by an Archimedes with a Newton.

WHAT CAN BE THE MEANING OF A SOCIABLE BODY?

MR. EDITOR,

As the state of the world has been for many years very gloomy, and as a *misanthropic spirit* seems generally to have been the result, a late advertisement, I must confess, gave me much pleasure. The advertisement alluded to, announced *for sale*, a SOCIABLE BODY: I was so struck with the *rarity* thus announced, that I threw down the paper with a mixture of pleasure and regret. I was delighted to think, that in this *churlish age*, a *Sociable Body* was to be found: but I was equally mortified in thinking that it should be reduced to the necessity of being exposed *for sale.* The paper was taken away before I was roused from my reflections, and therefore I had no opportunity of reading more than the mere head of the advertisement.—The subject, however, was so curious, that it has afforded me conversation among many of my friends, whose curiosity has been strongly interested, and whose imaginations have given birth to various conjectures. Some of my friends who are warm politicians, will have it that the *Sociable Body* must be of *their way of thinking*, and rather disposed to hear the arguments of others than to advance any of its own. I say *its* own, Mr. Editor, for there have been great disputes about *the sex* of of this *Sociable Body*. My married friends of the male kind, affirm that it cannot be *a wife*, most of them concurring in opinion that *a wife* is a very *unsociable creature*. I need hardly inform you that my female friends, in the conjugal state, are equally persuaded that it cannot be *a husband*, a being whom they all describe as *gloomy*, *suspicious*, and *tyrannical*. Both male and female friends, however, agree, that it cannot be an *old maid*, as they say an *old maid* is always too *peevish*, too *fretful*, and too strongly biassed by a sense of *disappointment* to be capable of *sociability*, though they agree also that *an old maid* might *be bought*, if one *could be found*. Whether there be any satirical meaning

meaning concealed in the latter observation, I leave to your judgment.

For my part, I confess I am as much in the dark as to the nature of this *Sociable Body*, as any of my friends. I have been inclined to think it may be *a Poet*, as he is always *sociable* when you will hear *his verses*; but as Poets are seldom happy, because they are *envious* of of a rival's *fame*, and never think they have enough of fame themselves, I soon gave up that notion, though I can have little doubt that *a Poet's Muse* would be *upon sale*.

Certain shrewd persons would fain persuade me, that they have discovered the true nature of the *Sociable Body*: they say we should examine into the meaning of the word *sociable*, which imports a *submissive*, *conforming*, and *trimming* disposition; and, they observe, as the most important sign of the true character of the thing in question, that it *is to be sold*. From these considerations, Mr. Editor, they positively determine that it must be *a Modern Patriot*.

GIMCRACK.

CASE OF UNSOUNDNESS IN A WARRANTED HORSE.

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

THE following strongly marked case, I have no doubt, you will think, in some degree, contributory to the utility of your excellent, and widely circulated repository of intelligence.

A few weeks since, a particular friend of mine, living near London, called on me with a Welshish looking bay gelding, which he had just purchased of an acquaintance in town, at the very moderate price of sixteen guineas; although only six years old; master of fourteen stone, steady in harness, and warranted sound. My opinion was desired of the nag. To a critical examinant, one eye perhaps, might be said to exhibit a suspicious appearance in future, but still nothing positive could be alleged on that head, to impede an immediate sound warranty; the same might be said of the horse in general. The near toe turned out considerably, is doubtless an unfavourable indication as to the strength of the pastern joint; but the legs looked clean, handled cool, and the sinews wiry and elastic. I gave the horse a good trot, and a rattling gallop; and, bating a little hesitation, which I attributed to the old jig-jog market pace, to which he had been accustomed, he seemed to say sound. It is true, depending on the acquaintance, and the sound warrant, I did not see him rode, as well as ride him, a capital omission, in the trial of a horse; but in truth, circumstances put me off my usual guard. I was beat—the acquaintance went too fast for me. I congratulated my friend on his bargain, without hesitation pronouncing that it was surmounted by a premium of at least ten pounds.

What woeful changes may occur during three short days, in horse-dealing, as well as in stock-jobbing, love, and politics. A penny post letter brought me the melancholy tidings from my friend, that his new horse, so much the subject of my commendation, was really not worth a bunch of dogs meat; which assertion he followed up, the next day, by proof positive, in the production of the horse, to answer for himself. Never did mortal Irish eyes behold a better change for the worse! The poor animal, lately so gay, now exhibited the most obvious and pitiful symptoms of debility and dejection; his head hung down

down, his near fore foot marked or pointed out, his flanks hollow, his hocks knocking together! Clapping my hand, as it were, instinctively upon his back sinews, and fetlock joints, I found considerable heat, at the same time, a flaccidity, or looseness, and want of elasticity in the bursæ, or windgals—which had re-appeared on work—and in the sinews, which clearly evinced the horse in a state, within a degree or two only of being broke down. To be brief, he was dead-lame, one of his eyes morbidly affected, and the horse, in our comprehensive phrase, all to pieces. The history of the facts runs thus:—The horse performed gaily a mile or two, out and home; and even trotted with the buggy a dozen miles, at the rate of about eight miles per hour, finishing his journey of nearly twenty in a good style; but, on his return, the next day, he suddenly fell lame, and it cost my friend much labour, and a soreness in the muscles of his whip-arm, which yet remains as a memento, to bring him home at a foot-pace: a shocking necessity, to which the old beldam Nature herself seems to have reduced us, of adding the cruel infliction of punishment to even meritorious misfortune! And here, every true horseman should pause, and judge as he would be judged; and not brand that as vicious jadishness, in a wretched, perhaps really generous animal, which is the cruel result of disease, debility, and the barbarous injustice of man; the most savage and relentless of all beasts. This harsh sentence, however, affects not my friend, who is a man of humanity.

In all particular cases of stopping or gibbing in horses, look at their general character; if that be good, depend on it, some unfortunate cause of default subsists, apparent, or concealed, which demands kindness and care, not punishment. No fair pretence existed of returning the horse, for various reasons; particularly, because, after conclusion of the bargain, the seller offered the purchaser a guinea—as we phrase it—to be off; and in fact, the horse might have been instantly re-sold, at a considerable advance. Now, whether this seller really knew the horse was lame, and had the wit to endow him with a temporary soundness of understanding, by virtue of bandage and astringents; or whether, belonging to the ambulatory and jog-trot socity, he had not energy enough in his equitation, to fetch out his horse's lameness; and was really ignorant that he rode a lame horse; remains yet as much a secret, as whether Mr. Pitt has ever yet ceased to be prime minister; and whether, at this moment, he be really in, or out. However, our chapman not having the honour of ranking in the respectable fraternity of horse-dealers, we may hesitate the less, in forming a judgment. Rest, a loose stable, embrocation of a solution of acetite of lead &c. for the legs, and a proper collyrium for the eye, soon wrought an alteration for the better. The legs became cool, the sinews more tense, the enlargement abated, the windgalls retired, or rather, were retracted, the epthalmic suffusion in the eye began to disperse, we approach our concluding speculations; and adhere—"*subjudice lis est.*"

"Thoughts to counsel." Ye men of the world, and of the whip, what is to be done in this case? Pshaw, where is the difficulty? Get the beggar in the best condition you can, and sell him to the best bidder.—"Gentlemen, this horse is sound; a good goer, and quiet in harness; but the gentleman who owns him, never warrants any."—*Verbum sat!* How has the inexpugnable

pugnable nature of things put humanity and interest at variance? So this wretched creature, his sinews already unstrung in the service of men, must, without reprieve or remorse, be again, in his debilitated state, delivered over to the secret toils; and urged by the most goading and lancinating tortures, to exertion, of which he is no longer capable, must drag out the sad remainder of his miserable existence, until he answer the last refined and home-placed cuts of the whip, with his dying sobs! Even so. But what says humanity? Oh, give him a run at grass, three months; send him to the salt marshes; he will return upright and sound; he will afterwards reward you by his labour, or by the good price he will fetch; at any rate, you will enjoy the satisfaction of having given an unfortunate creature a chance, and of having made him some return for the miseries he has already suffered. Alas! this humane logic has, at various periods, cost me scores of pounds sterling. "Ah! but," says cautious, experienced, cold-blooded discretion, "the nag is too far gone for recovery, he may even come up worse from grass, than he goes down; the state of his eyes forbids grazing; the first loss is best; and, in truth, I cannot have the trouble of such a thing—** ** **** * ********** ********** ** *** ******* *** ******* ** *** ***!

A new edition of him must be made for sale—*fallere fallentem non est fraus*; and surely, the *fallentes* form the majority, if not of mankind, at least of the buyers and sellers of horses.

This case, with a thousand others, which might be adduced, serves farther to evince the fallacy of those modish doctrines of our college green-horns; who, with their Hallerian ideas of inelasticity, would exclude all possibility of relaxation from the tendinous and ligamentary lameness of horses; concentring the whole of the disease in defluxion and inflammation, and bravely assuring us of soundness, after these have subsided.

I beg leave to subscribe myself, with much respect, and many good wishes, gentlemen, your ancient friend and correspondent.

April 14. A JOCKEY.

MIRVAN THE HUNTER;
OR,
THE CHILD OF PITY.

WHAT a divine propensity is compassion! or, in other words, to feel for the anguish of the oppressed, and for the persecution of innocence.

Let the world still revolve in the immensity of space, let revolutions create new revolutions, or let the golden age return to comfort man, all, all, cannot bring to the sun a virtue more commendable than mercy.

As Josoff Mirvan, who so greatly distinguished himself in the first incursions, which the Russians made on the confines of the Caspian Sea and the Volga, was one day riding through an extensive forest, he saw a wild deer and her fawn at play. Mirvan lighted, and gliding cautiously along, seized the little creature; and, laying its legs together, mounted again with his prize.

Mirvan had not advanced far, when he saw the deer who had fled at first in great terror, coursing round and round him, still approaching nearer and nearer. When Josoff found her within his reach, he drew an arrow, and applied it to his bow, but as he took his aim, there was something in the conduct of the animal,

animal, that singularly struck him; the deer stood gazing as if she implored his pity, whilst the largest tears streamed down her shaggy visage.

Mirvan humanely returned his arrow to the quiver, exclaiming—"Thou shalt not drink the blood of this poor deer; and I will restore its young to so affectionate a creature."

However, Josoff had the curiosity to wait, and see how near the mother would venture. The poor animal, who was casting the tenderest looks towards her fawn, having now a better opportunity both of seeing and hearing it, approached with timid steps, and after a little pause, in which, from the motion of its ears, Mirvan thought she hesitated, whether or not, to abandon it to its fate; natural tenderness overcoming all sense of danger, she came close up to the horse, and raising herself on her hinder legs, licked the little captive in the most affectionate manner, and mixing her own tears with those which rolled in greater abundance from its eyes.

Mirvan was greatly moved at the sight; and, untying the fawn, set it at liberty. Away the happy pair trotted, often looking behind, as if they blessed their kind deliverer.

When Mirvan was going to resume his journey, a venerable man came from a little hermitage, just seen through the cover of the forest, and thus addressed the man of pity—"Josoff, because thou hast had compassion on the fawn, nor shed the blood of its mother, Alla, who, in the third heaven, was witness to the benevolent emotions of thy soul, has granted thee thy petition. Before crossing the threshold of thy gate this morning, thou earnestly prayedst for a son. A son shall be born to thee, who one day will owe his life to the little creature thou hast just now restored to freedom and happiness."

When he had thus said, the hermit vanished from his sight; and Mirvan turned his face towards Mecca, and returned to Alla the prayer of gratitude.

About twenty years after, Mirvan's son was hunting in the same wood, and having lamed his horse, was left by his companions. A tyger, from a thicket, beheld young Josoff, and made towards him, when a noble stag—the very fawn, Mirvan, the child of pity, had once spared—as if on wings, came flying from his covert: the fierce monster was instantly diverted from his purpose, pursued the antlered creature, and the son of Mirvan was thus delivered from his fangs when death had been otherwise inevitable.

I know not, Mr. Editor, how far this little tale may come within your plan; but as it was meant to inculcate a merciful attachment to the animal race, I think it cannot be unacceptable to the greater part of your readers.

H. T. T.

A BOND-STREET DASH.

A SHORT time since, a young man, fashionably attired, applied for ready-furnished lodgings, at the house of a Mr. Gwinnel, in Downing-street, Westminster. A suit of apartments were shewn to him, and he approved them much. The situation was extremely *à propos*, as he had business to settle with his Royal Highness the Duke of York, at the war-office, during his stay in town, and being, as it were on the spot, would greatly assist the dispatch of his affairs. Mr. G. desired a reference, and was immediately told to address a line

to

to Capt. F. at a coffee-house, near Spring gardens, and most ample satisfaction would be given on that head. Mr. G. wrote accordingly, and was answered that Mr. S. was a man of fortune, character, and honour; and that it was an acquisition for any person to have him in their house. M. G. was satisfied, and Mr. S. entered upon his lodgings. After being in possession from Monday sennight to Wednesday, he expressed a wish to give a supper to his friend Capt. F. who had made such honourable mention of him, and requested Mrs. G. to assist him with a *sideboard* for the occasion, as his friend was a *dashing dog*, and liked things in *style*. He should order the entertainment from a neighbouring coffee-house. This request was complied with, and every article of plate was produced and set forth on the occasion. He liked the display amazingly: but Capt. F. could relish porter only out of a *silver tankard*; if that could be procured it would crown the whole; for his own part he could not abide to drink out of *filthy pots* from an alehouse. Mrs. G. had no tankard, but she had a china mug at his service. Well, that must do. He would go to the coffee-house and hasten the supper, and a short time afterwards was heard to go out of doors. Not returning immediately, as was expected, Mrs. G. went into his apartments; and, to her astonishment, discovered that her lodger had carried off every article of plate she possessed in the world; some of which she supposed had been thrown out of the window to an accomplice, it being left open. Information was given at the public office, Queen square, and this *honourable* gentleman was taken in bed at a coffee-house at Westminster. On being brought before the magistrate, he denied the charge; and behaved with the most impudent assurance. The magistrate committed him for a second examination. The prisoner could not fail of being *well recommended*, as he had written his *own character* from the coffee-house, passing under the name of Capt. F.

A NEW

OFFICE OF INITIATION

FOR ALL

YOUTHS OF THE SUPERIOR CLASS.

I BELIEVE, that this world is the object of my hopes and morals, and that the little prettinesses of life will answer all the ends of human existence. I believe, that we are to succeed in all things by the graces of civility and attention; that there is no sin but against good manners, and that all religion and virtue consist in outward appearance. I believe that all women are children, and all men fools, except a few cunning people, who see through the rest and make use of them. I believe, that hypocrisy, fornication, and adultery, are within the lines of morality; that a woman may be honourable when she has lost her honour, and virtuous when she has lost her virtue.

This, and whatever else is necessary to obtain my own ends, and bring me into repute, I resolve to follow; and to avoid all moral offences; such as scratching my head before company, spitting upon the floor, and omitting to pick up a lady's fan; and in this persuasion I will persevere, without any regard to the resurrection of the body, or the life everlasting. *Amen.*

Q. Wilt thou be initiated into these principles?

A. That is my inclination.

Q. Wilt

Q. Wilt thou keep up to the rules of the *Chesterfield* morality?

A. I will, Lord *Chesterfield* being my admonisher.

Then the officiator shall say,

Name this child.

A. *A fine gentleman.*

Then he shall say,

I introduce thee to the world, the flesh, and the devil, that thou mayest triumph over all awkwardness, and grow up in all politeness; that thou mayest be acceptable to the ladies, celebrated for refined breeding, able to speak French and read Italian, invested with some public supernumerary character in a foreign court, get into parliament, perhaps into the privy council, and that when thou art dead, the letters written to thy bastards may be published in seven editions, for the instruction of all sober families.

"Ye are to take care, that this child, when he is of a proper age, be sent to ———— to be *confirmed.*"

A CIRCUMSTANCE MERITING ATTENTION.

IN the royal stables, in Sweden, the horses are allowed no litter, but stand on a raised floor, composed of boards, with open joints. This plan is common also in Norway and Denmark, where cows and even pigs are housed on similar platforms. The animals are in this way easily kept clean and dry; and to this practice it is perhaps owing that in those northern countries a foundered horse is seldom to be seen. In the mode followed in other places, the warm humid compost of dung and litter seems to have the effect of making the feet tender and liable to disease. The Duke of York has, by way of experiment, directed some barracks to be constructed on the Swedish plan.

LAW CASES.

OXONIAN HIRING A CURRICLE.

Court of King's Bench, June 4.

FOSTER *v.* ASTLEY.

IT was stated by Mr. Garrow, that the plaintiff is a stable-keeper at Oxford, and the defendant a gentleman of large fortune, who was a member of that university. This action was brought for the hire of a curricle and horses during a long vacation. The contract was for four months; but the horses and curricle were sent back about a month before the time expired, and therefore the demand was only for three months, at three guineas a week. There was likewise the expence of converting a phaeton into a curricle, to suit the taste of this gentleman, and for which he promised to pay. The learned counsel said, he was one of the last men in the world, and the least interested to encourage the extravagance of young men at Oxford. But the defendant shewed the plaintiff a letter, purporting to come from his mother, desiring that he might hire such a curricle; and he would not suppose that the defendant, or any other gentleman, would have represented that such a letter had come from her, if it had not. She is a lady of large fortune, living at Dunkenfield Lodge, in the neighbourhood of Manchester. It was to be presumed these horses were tolerably well exercised during the time this gentleman had them. The defendant was an infant at the time of this hiring; and, in order to maintain this action, he must prove the defendant made a promise to pay subsequent to his attaining the age of twenty one; for he was afraid his lordship would hold this was not a necessary. He should call a young gentleman, Mr. Hornsby, the

the son of the Professor of Astronomy, who was a friend of the defendant, and who accompanied him in this curricle.

Mr. Hornsby was called; said, he did not know that Mr. Astley intimated to Mr. Foster that it was with his mother's approbation he was to take down a curricle to Dunkenfield Lodge during the long vacation in 1800. He did not know what he, the defendant, was to pay for it; but did not think three guineas a week would be unreasonable. He remembered Mr. Astley coming to the Star at Oxford in last July. It was about the 2d of July when he promised to pay Mr. Foster at Christmas next. He was not then of age. Mr. Foster asked him for L.50.

It was proved by another witness, that the defendant was born on July 17, 1781, and consequently was not of age on the 2d of July, 1802, when he made that promise.

Mr. Garrow said, that although this curricle could not be considered as a necessary, if this gentleman and his friend had been going to take a short trip from Oxford, and immediately to return again; but he submitted it made a difference when he was leaving college, and going home to spend the long vacation with his mother.

Lord Ellenborough.—"I should hold if one gentleman even in his condition were to hire a post chaise to go home from the university, I should hold that was not a necessary; there is abundance of good stage coaches coming and going through all parts of England. I do not know that I should go so far as a very learned judge, who held that wine was not a necessary: one dozen a quarter, or every half year, perhaps might be permitted. I might draw the line in that way; but the university is a place of education, and ought not to be made a scene of revelry."

Mr. Erskine, leading counsel for the defendant, observed, that his client was a gentleman of very considerable fortune, and a man of a very honourable mind, and certainly never would have defended that action, but for the manner in which he was treated by the plaintiff. He hired this curricle at a time when he could not enter into a contract, except for necessaries, and the law enabled him to resist the performance of it. These horses were worth about L.8 a piece, and for the use of them for three months this stable keeper had the modesty to ask L.37. His client carried with him the son of the professor of astronomy; and if he had carried his father he never could have had a finer opportunity of making celestial observations on the road, for these horses very often stood stock still; and in one possible case perhaps this curricle, with these horses, might have been considered as a necessary; as for instance, if the defendant had been in a bad state of health, and his physician had recommended exercise to him, to place him in this curricle would have been the very thing, as these horses required so much flogging to get them on. This gentleman had been imposed upon, but of his own accord he had no doubt would pay this stable keeper what was reasonable.

Lord Ellenborough.—"The law affords a shield to young men, to protect them against the effects of their own imprudence; and the law has said, that no infant shall be answerable, except for necessaries; but if after a man attains the age of twenty-one, he makes a deliberate promise that he will pay the debt, he being then capable of exercising a discretion, shall be bound by that promise. The giving horses and carriages, and such things as these, to young men, induced his lordship to observe, that young gentlemen

tlemen at the university would employ their time better by pursuing their studies, than by riding about the country in carriages, and following a course of dissipation.

Plaintiff nonsuited.

JUNE 9.

LEAM *v.* BRAY.

THIS was an action of trespass against the defendant, for running with a gig upon the plaintiff's curricle, whereby he, the plaintiff, was thrown to the ground, had his collar bone broken, &c. &c. The principal witness, Marks, the plaintiff's groom, said, that one night in November last, he was driving out his master to his villa in Surry; when they had come near the Swan at Newington, they passed a chaise going in the same direction; they kept their own side of the way; but in a moment after a gig drove against them, and overturned the curricle. Mr. Leam was by this thrown into the mud, and had his collar-bone broken. This account was confirmed by the post-boy, and the persons he was driving in the chaise. To obviate an objection on the other side, that no proof had been adduced of the defendant being in the curricle, the gentleman who was along with him was called. Having established this point, he swore, in contradiction to all the other witnesses, that he was on his own side of the road when the accident happened. The jury, after some hesitation, found a verdict for the plaintiff, with L.9 : 9s damages, the amount of his surgeon's bill.

THE MARGRAVE OF ANSPACH *v.* HALL.

MR. ERSKINE stated that the plaintiff in this case was possessed of a pleasure yacht, called the Camilla; and the defendant was the proprietor of a West India ship, called the Sally. The action was brought to recover a compensation in damages for the mischief done to the yacht, by the Sally running foul of her in the river. The yacht was coming up the river with a foul wind; the defendant's ship was going in the contrary course, with a fair wind, and could have chosen her course through any part of the channel. Instead of doing this, she chose to run foul of the plaintiff's yacht, which was just then passing from the Kent shore, the wind out of her sails, and not under the guidance of the helm. It had long been settled, he said, that there was a law of sailing, as well as of driving on the road The ship, which had the wind, and could deviate with little or no inconvenience, was always to give way to the vessel working up against the wind. So the defendant's vessel ought to have done in the present case; instead of which, against all the rules of navigation, she ran foul of the yacht, and must therefore pay the damages.

To prove this case, he called Thomas Nipston, the captain of the yacht; but, before they proceeded, it was agreed to refer the cause to Mr. Harrison.

CRIMINAL INFORMATION FOR A CHALLENGE.

MR. ERSKINE moved for leave to file a criminal information against a Mr. Phillips, a gentleman of fortune, for writing a letter amounting to a challenge, to the prosecutor, Mr. Rees. This letter, although it was not directly a challenge, yet was an implied challenge, and certainly was a provocation to fight. The meaning of it would be sufficiently explained by a letter which had been before sent by the same gentleman to the prosecutor; in which, speaking of an account that

was unsettled, he adds—"You know that when this account is settled, I have another account to settle with you: perhaps this is a discussion you would wish to avoid; but you may as well meet it at once, as you need not think of temporising." In the letter, which was the subject of the present application, after saying, that he understands the prosecutor has feelings that will not bear an insult, he tells him, "that he is a blackguard, and that if he chuses to make any appointment with him, it shall be punctually attended to on his part." This letter, when coupled with the foregoing, Mr. Erskine submitted to the court, amounted to a challenge.

Lord Ellenborough asked, what circumstances of situation in life the defendant was in?

Mr. Erskine.—"My Lord, he was a candidate for Caermarthen."

Lord Ellenborough.—Mr. Erskine, it is not saying any thing as to a man's situation of life, to say he was a candidate: but is he a gentleman of fortune?"

Mr. Erskine.—"Yes, my Lord, he is a gentleman of very considerable fortune." Rule granted.

SOCIETY OF ODD FELLOWS.

Common Pleas, June 9.

LYON *v.* MARTIN *and* OTHERS.

THIS was an action to recover a compensation in damages for an assault committed on the plaintiff.

Mr. Shepherd observed, that a more ludicrous case had seldom come before the Court; yet, as no man's eccentricities are to be exercised to the injury of another, the plaintiff was justified in complaining of the gross assault he had received. The plaintiff was the most *Noble Grand* of a Society denominating themselves *Odd Fellows*. The defendant, was *Lord Warden* of the same Society, whose dignified station promoted him to the office of *Candle Snuffer*. The Society was formed entirely of Jews, and met at the sign of the Bell, in Middlesex-street, Petticoat-lane, but if they were always accustomed to such conduct as was witnessed on the night of the assault he had to complain of, they were *odd fellows* indeed, and should be pointed out in order to be shunned. In the midst of their mysterious proceedings, the Noble Grand moved, that a Trustee should be appointed to take care of their *Exchequer*; but as there did not appear to be more *funds* than were necessary to reimburse the landlord for expences incurred, the *Lord Warden* and the *Vice Grand* objected; an altercation ensued. The Noble Grand insisted it was his province to keep peace and harmony; but, in his efforts to obtain his end, he got his head cut with a pot, and was laid senseless on the floor. A general confusion ensued, in which all distinctions were laid aside; and many a combatant was laid upon the floor of his club room, to the great injury of the plaintiff and his companions, and the annoyance of the neighbourhood.

The assault was proved, and the plaintiff got a verdict for 20s damages.

LIONESS & WHELPS ATTACKING A CAMEL.

(An Etching to face this Page.)

THIS Etching is taken from the works of the celebrated RIDENGER, from whose inimitable works we shall occasionally make selections: and, as that master is so celebrated for Hunting Pieces, we shall search the books of biography for his life, to be given in some future Magazine.

SPORTING

Ridinger, del. Bell, fecit.

Lioneſs & Whelps attacking a Camel.

Pub. July 1, 1803, by J. Wheble, Warwick Square.

SPORTING WITH PERSONALITIES.

THAT littleness should give an idea of youth is easily accounted for; but I cannot see why a girl who is short in stature should be always treated as if she was in leading strings, any more than a gentleman who is undersized should be supposed to be just breeched. For my part, I am turned of eighteen, and consequently have been a woman these five years; yet they seem to look upon me as a perfect baby: I wonder, indeed, that they do not cram me into a cradle, and feed me with a pap-spoon.—With my aunt, it is child every word, and every body else calls me little Miss; but, when they mean to pay me an extraordinary compliment, then I am a pretty little lady. When I first came down into the country, a lady in the neighbourhood very civilly invited me to come and play with her grand-daughter, who was eleven years old; and a great bulky fellow, who was, they said, my godfather, most boisterously took me up in his arms, like Gulliver and his nurse reversed, and fell a slobering and nustling me as if I had been actually in swadling clothes. Our visitors never fail to bring fruits and sweetmeats with them in their pockets for Miss; and I am constantly insulted by the civility of your good old ladies, who are for loading me with slices of rich plumb or seed cakes of their own making. When I sit down to table, I am helped very sparingly to the meats, as if they thought I had not yet cut my teeth; but my plate is filled with pudding and pie, which they take for granted Miss must be very fond of. When I proposed riding a single horse, that was objected to, as no poney could be found small enough; and it was even debated whether I should be carried before or behind the servant. What vexes me still more, however, they seem to measure my understanding by my person; and, as I am no bigger, they conclude me as ignorant as a child; consequently their conversation with me is most trifling, and often borders on the dialect of the nursery. In a word, Sir, or in *short*, if you please, I meet with so many of these impertinences, that I am quite sick of them. The only remedy I can hope for, is, to find some man compassionate enough to un-miss me, by making me a wife.

I am, &c

DOROTHY SHORT.

NIGHTINGALES.

Why none to be found in Devonshire and Cornwall?

THIS question is very satisfactorily answered in White's Natural History of Selborne. As the book (now become scarce) may not be at hand to refer to, I will give the querist, partly from myself, but chiefly from that author, the solution of the difficulty.

The nightingale is a bird of passage, and comes to us from the continent. In the spring, nightingales cross the sea, where it is narrowest, between Calais and Dover; and, upon their arrival, proceed forwards, spreading themselves to the right and left, until they have advanced as far as they can recover again, when instinct warns them to return to the countries from which they came. They are seldom found more than one hundred and seventy miles from Dover. These two counties exceeding that distance, are, of course, beyond their bounds.

Here it may not be amiss to add that on the continent of Germany, its portion of nightingales is very unequally divided: though the woods near Leipsic, are said by Baron Polnitz, to swarm with them; in consequence of which, great numbers are there taken and caged.

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN's HALL.

CALEDONIAN TRAVELLER.

SANDY Mackintosh, pig-feeder to Mr. Cambell, of Musselborough, received the following letter from his cousin, Jemmy M'Gregor, near St. James's, in London:—

DEAR COUSIN,

I have the happiness to make known to you, that I have, by my civility and perseverance, obtained a good place at court; and what is better, my dear Sandy, I have a situation for you, with our friend Danny; so leave your filthy employment, and come with all speed and economy to your loving cousin,

JEMMY M'GREGOR.

Sandy no sooner read this epistle, than he borrowed a pair of stockings and shoes of his friend, Mr. Cambell, and stole away for Leith, where he presently engaged with the master of a fishing smack, bound to the port of London. They had not been long at sea, when the vessel began to roll and to pitch with the swell; and poor Sandy, who had never before been on salt water, became wonderfully pale and sick; and thus, in a most pitiful tone, addressed the man at the helm:—"Stop! stop the ship, mun; dinna ye ken that a' my booels are coming fra ma moo! for marcy sake, an ye be a christian, bid the ship stop mun." Old Coppernose, who loved a joke, and saw the dreadful plight poor Sandy was in, archly replied—"My boat is like my wife's tongue, it will not stop with bidding. "How the de'el should she stop," rejoined Sandy, "when ye keep teckling and teckling her a—se wi' that dam'd lang pole, which ye foolishly ca' a teeller.—Sarra, mind me weel, I am ganging to the great citty of the sooth, to collect in-tel-le-gence for Danny Stewart, and to instruct untutor'd cockneys. Yes; mark ye me weel, when I get into the parlement, I will mak a motion, that nae fallow, like yur sell, shall teckle and teckle a ship with a dam'd lang pole in the a—se, to offend a Caledonian traveller; so now mak the maist on't."

An old snuff-taker, speaking of the art of calcining dead bodies, as lately discovered in France, by way of improving the art in this country, says—"How comfortable and pleasant it would be to see our ancestors displayed on a sideboard! All members of soaking clubs I would have made into wine-glasses; your fat aldermen into decanters; and your poor dogs, who can't drink, into water-glasses. Your beaux and belles might be calcined into smelling-bottles; your generals, colonels, and captains, might be introduced into our ball-rooms, operas, and play houses, to illumine the eyes of the ladies, as a constellation of chandeliers; and the ladies and gentlemen of the circus, might be made into tumblers.

This is an invention, I repeat, far surpassing that of any snuff-making schemer, whose ingenuity goes no farther than to make ones grand-mother into Scotch—ones father into rappee—ones mother into Strasburgh—and my old maiden aunt, heaven help her, into high dried!

A YOUNG

A YOUNG merchant in the country, lately addressed a letter to a lady, which began with these words:—"Inclosed I send you a bill of parcels, consisting of tears, sighs, dreams, fears, hopes, &c. which I have shed and endured these two months, and consequently placed to your account."

THERE was a poor blind man in Warwickshire, accounted very cunning in foretelling the weather; and, in the same village, lived a very rich lawyer, who had acquired his property by a repetition of every vice disgraceful to human nature. As the lawyer one morning rode by, he said, with scorn to the poor old fellow, and in contempt of his prognostications, "I pray you, father, tell me, when does the sun change? The old man, who knew well the knave that asked the question, boldly replied—"When such a wicked wretch as you goes to heaven!"

A LOUNGER'S WILL.—One of the Bond-street flashes was lately so ill, that he thought it right to settle his worldly affairs, and sent for a neighbouring solicitor to make his will. The solicitor, who is a wit as well as a lawyer, having been informed by the sick beau of all his circumstances, said, he had a precedent for his will in that of the famous Rabelais, which he would adopt, and which was in these words—"*I owe much; I have nothing; and I give the rest to the poor!*"

A SHIP being overtaken at sea by a squall, one of the seamen, by the washing of the waves, was thrown overboard. The only witnesses of this scene were a Newfoundland dog, who instantly plunged in after him, and a man who had a very great impediment in his speech. This poor fellow ran about the deck in the greatest distress, but could not utter a syllable. A messmate coming from below, observing him, cried—"D—n your eyes, Jack, sing it" The man took the hint, and began to sing to the tune of a favourite song—"There is a man overboard, overboard, overboard, &c." By this, making himself understood, a boat was thrown out, and the man and dog saved just as the latter was exhausted, by holding him up.

A GENTLEMAN walking through Holborn, a few years since, accosted another, who was coming the contrary way, with the common-place salutation—"How d'ye do?" He was a stranger, and civilly replied, "Sir, I believe you are *Mis-taken.*" "I am, Sir," says the other, upon closer inspection, "but I hope I am not *taken, a-Miss.*" "Certainly not," replied the gentleman, "it is a *Miss-chance* that we often pick up in this populous town, and he would be ill calculated to be *Master* of himself who suffered such *Miss-haps* to affect his passions." "Give me your hand," ejaculated the other, "and I hope it will not be *Miss-applied* in the grasp of a friendly shake." This was an actual occurrence about three years back, and the two gentlemen have continued very intimate ever since. Whenever they meet in a mixed company, they take care not to *Miss* an opportunity of explaining their accidental *Miss-stakes*; and though they are both married men, they seem to take much delight in playing punning pranks with those *Misses.*—The following sentiment is commonly given by one of the gentlemen—"May we never *Miss-trust* innocence, nor be deluded by *Miss-fortune.*"

SPORTING

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

SIR THOMAS GASCOIGNE has started horses, &c. this year, seven times, and won every event; viz.—His chesnut filly, by Buzzard, out of Violet, two fifty pound plates at Chester; and one at York. Chesnut colt, by Beninbrough, out of Goldenlocks, a piece of silver plate, value fifty pounds, at Chester. Lenox, by Delpini, out of Violet, the Stakes for all ages, and the Stand Plate at York.—And bay filly, Theophani, own sister to Lenox, the Oaks Stakes, of 800gs. at Epsom.

SIR HEDWORTH WILLIAMSON has refused 2000gs. for the winner of the Derby Stakes, of 1025gs. this year at Epsom. He has purchased of Lord Clermont the black colt, by Whiskey, out of Lavinia; and Mr. Sitwell has also purchased of Lord Spencer Chichester, the colt by Moorecock, out of Gillyflower, for 400 guineas.

MR. ETHERIDGE, gamekeeper to Sir Francis Baring, Bart. lately found in Strutton Park, in Hampshire, four leverets, the produce of one female; and, what is very remarkable, one of them had eight legs, two tails, and two bodies, from the hind part to the middle; afterwards, but one body and one head.

THERE were lately taken out of a nest, at Amberley Castle, Sussex, five young daws, two of the natural colour, and the other three perfectly white.

ON the 21st ult. a salmon, weighing 18lb. was killed in the river Otter, by D. Bacon, Esq. with a small trout fly, after playing the fish twenty minutes, and making many attempts to land it, the fish always making to a hole in the bank; by the assistance of a boy he pulled off his boot, and placed it in the hole, so that the fish forced itself into the boot, and was there taken.

A FEW days since, as a gentleman was fishing in one of the Hampstead ponds, his line got entangled, and on pulling it ashore, he dragged with it a loaded pistol on the cock; it is supposed some highwayman or footpad, being pursued, had thrown it into the pond, that it might not appear as evidence against him.

A PERSON who has hitherto borne a very respectable character, having obtained the rank of captain in a fencible regiment, was on Thursday, the 26th ult. on the race ground at Epsom, detected in the very act of picking a gentleman's pocket of his gold watch and seals. Behind him was a large body of notorious pickpockets, with whom he had associated himself. When he took the watch he supposed one of his confederates was immediately behind him, and therefore put it back, in order that it might be secured It was however secured, not by an accomplice, but by Mr. Walter, a sherriff's officer at Kingston, who secured the captain at the same time. He is now fully committed for trial.

CAPTAIN Henniker, of the navy, sported on Sunday, the 30th ult. in the Park, a new machine, called a Yarmouth Car, which attracted much notice, from the singularity of its construction. The wheels were only eighteen inches high.—

After

After he had displayed his figure in it about an hour, in company with an officer of the guards, amid the gazes of the astonished multitude, the machine overturned, but not in the usual way, on one side; it went back, and fairly lifted the horse off his feet. Providentially no further accident happened.

PUBLIC OFFICE, BOW STREET. In consequence of anonymous letters being sent to Mr. Bond and Sir William Parsons, informing them that Mr. Stackpole, and the Reverend Mr. Ambrose, were to fight a duel early on Tuesday morning, the 31st ult. the magistrates issued warrants against them, and they were taken into custody, and brought before them at the above office, when, after undergoing an examination, they were obliged to find sureties to keep the peace.

WE copy the following from the Leeds Mercury:—

"On Thursday evening, Mr. D****, of York, and Mr. B. of this town, an artist, met in a field near Park-place, to settle an affair of love and honour. Animated by Cupid's flame, they took their stations—fired—and the former gentleman was, or thought he was, wounded in the arm, evidently not far from the heart!! Under that impression, this Montgomery and his second withdrew, and left his antagonist master of the field, and of course of the Lady's affections. Gentle reader, be not too severe in censuring these heroes' seconds, for, in loading the pistols, they had taken great care to put in every thing but —the balls!! This is no fiction, but, as the lawyers would say, a real bona fide transaction."

MANCHESTER RACES.—A respectable young married person was suddenly taken in labour, in a booth under the grand stand, on Kersal Moor, on the first race day; and, in a very short time, an accoucheur fortunately being at hand, was safely delivered of a fine boy. She was taken, with her infant, home in a chaise; and, we are happy to hear, is in tolerable health. This event should operate as a lesson to ladies, strictly to avoid incautiously visiting scenes of the above description, under similar circumstances.

MANCHESTER COCKING.—In the race-week, a main of cocks fought between Sir Watts Horton, Bart. (Lister, feeder) and Windsor Hunlock, Esq. (Harrison, feeder) for 10gs. a battle, and 200gs. the main; consisting of thirty main and twelve bye battles, when each party won fifteen mains and six byes. Great betting.

A MECHANIC of Pest, has lately been exhibiting there some curious automatical figures; amongst others, a human figure which performs almost every exercise, dances upon the rope, &c. and one of a horse, which can either walk, trot, or gallop. The universities of Vienna and Pest, after examining the labours of this mechanic, have given the most honourable testimonies of his skill.

THERE are now living in King-street, Wapping, a Swiss woman, named Arnintenger, who has attained her 97th year. Her daughter and grand-daughter both live with her: the former is 77, and the latter 52. They have a dog twenty-five years old, and a cat that is upwards of seventeen. At a public house in the same neighbourhood, there is a parrot upwards of seventy years old: it is very feeble, and is covered with a kind of down instead of ordinary feathers.

A WAGER of twenty guineas a side, was lately decided at Chester-le-street, by Adjutant Cooke, of the Usworth Gentlemen and Yeomanry,

ry Cavalry, amidst a great concourse of spectators.—Ten copper penny pieces were separately thrown up, at each of which he shot, and it appeared in the result, that, instead of the hundred shot-marks—the amount prescribed by the wager—there was the amazing number of three hundred and forty-one on the surface of the ten pieces. The first three pieces shot at contained one hundred and seven. A great deal of money was lost in consequence, as the odds, previous to shooting, were twenty to one against the marksman.

It has been determined, that Sir Rowland Winn's Tankersley should have the fifty pound plate at Malton, as Mr. Simpson's colt, Rudston, not having won one heat in three, was not entitled to start for the fourth.—See our Racing Calendar, page 18.

A man of as much taste as piety, at a tavern in Manchester, for a small wager, lately *ate* a half-pint glass goblet, which he masticated and washed down with a quart of beer. About a dozen of persons were witnesses to this extraordinary instance of dental voracity.

A waggoner at Byker, near Newcastle, for a wager, lately attempted to drink a gallon of beer at one draught; but when he had swallowed all but half a pint, he burst, and died immediately.

Mr. Norton has purchased Mr. Pierse's grey colt Sir Peter, out of Contessina, for 800 guineas, not, however, for himself, but for a gentleman in the south.

At the next Newmarket Meeting, Mr. F. Neale's Bobtail, 8st. 4lb. is matched against Mr. Watson's Lignum Vitæ, 8st. R. M. 200gs. h. ft.—with the power of bringing the match forward to the Second October Meeting—all bets to stand. Mr. Howorth's Flambeau, 8st. 3lb. is matched against Lord Grosvenor's Northampton, 8st. D. M. 100gs.

On Saturday, the 11th instant, as Captain Harrison, paymaster of the royal dragoons, was leading his horse down Charmouth Hill, Dorsetshire, the horse snapped at him, and caught hold of his left hand, by which he lifted him from the ground (a weight of between seventeen and eighteen stone) shaking his head, and stamping with great rage; the whole of the fore finger came away, and with it the tendon which connects it with the elbow; the horse then galloped off. Captain Harrison went on to the village of Charmouth, where he obtained a chaise, and proceeded on his journey to Dorchester barracks.

Last month a trotting match of 20 miles, for 50 guineas a side, took place on the Ashford road, between Mr. Law's bay mare, of Hollingbourn, and Mr. Bisset's bay mare, of Greenhithe, each carrying 13 stone, which was won by Mr. Law's, who performed it in an hour and 16 minutes. Twenty pounds to ten were betted against the winner during the match. Mr. Bisset's mare was taken ill during the contest, and we learn that both the noble animals, sacrificed by an exertion beyond their strength, died the next morning, one at Ashford, and the other at Canterbury.

The bagsmen, who travel the country, economise the matter by going in pairs in a gig.—This is to exhibit how *two riders* may go upon *one horse*.

Last month, a very fine bustard, weighing 11lb. was shot on the wold belonging to Major Topham, of Wold Cottage. It was killed with small snipe shot.

George Herring, who rode Primrose for the Stand plate of fifty pounds

pounds at York, on the 27th ult. is son of that much-esteemed and well-known Jockey, George Herring, rider to Mr. Thomas Stapleton, of Carlton, in this county, whose abilities, as a rider, the gentlemen on the turf will recollect, when we mention, that he rode Tuberose, Magog, Canibal, &c.—He was the rider also of Lord Grosvenor's Grey Robin, son of Gimcrack, who won the great sweepstakes at Newmarket in April, 1777, of 100gs. each, p. p.—fifty-six subscribers—beating Lord Farnham's Prince, Lord Abingdon's Pot8o's, and sixteen others, amongst which were, Rebel, Tremamando, North Pole, Knick Knack, Dictator, Rasselas, Repulse, and Defence.—It was allowed by every judge on the stand and the course, that, though beaten, he rode with great judgment and skill.—It was his first attempt on the turf.—*York Herald.*

Anecdote of an English soldier.—Prince Maurice, in an engagement with the Spaniards, took twenty-four prisoners, one of whom was G. Haslewood, an Englishman. The prince ordered eight of them to be hanged, to retaliate a like sentence passed by Archduke Albert upon the same number of Hollanders. The fate of the unhappy victims was to be determined by drawing lots. The Englishman, who had the good fortune to escape, seeing a Spaniard express the strongest horror when it came to his turn to put his hand into the helmet, offered for twelve crowns to stand his chance. The offer was accepted, and he was so fortunate as to escape a second time. Upon being called fool-hardy for so presumptuously tempting his fate, he said, he thought he acted prudently; for, as he daily hazarded his life for sixpence, he must have made a good bargain in venturing it for twelve crowns!

Anecdote.—About the year 1762, a colonel—since a general officer, but now deceased—on command in the West Indies, was ordered to disembark with his corps, on the attack of one of the islands. In stepping into a boat he fell overboard, and the current carrying him rapidly from the ship, an honest tar jumped after him, and kept him afloat, until a boat came to his assistance, and put him again on board in safety. One of Jack's messmates observing the colonel put something into the hands of his deliverer, stepped up to him, and exclaimed—" D—n me, Jack, you're in luck to-day," eagerly opening his hand, expecting at least his share of a can of grog; but on discovering the generous reward, a sixpence! the tar swore a prayer, and whispered his messmate—" D—n me, Jack, never mind it; every man best knows the value of his own life."

An extraordinary shower—The dry dock at Liverpool lately exhibited one of the most laughable scenes imaginable, occasioned, incredible as it may seem, by a shower—not of rain, but of bank-notes! The buoyant treasure soon attracted a motley tribe of collectors, dock-porters, block-makers, brokers, &c. &c.—not excepting even the passing females—all of whom were busily employed in scrambling for, catching, and securing, the flaky store, which, for the moment, had the power of giving sight to the blind, and strength and agility to the halt and the infirm. The star in the east was not more anxiously gazed after than these meteors of Abraham Newland. But scarcely had the phenomenon ceased, and given birth to disappointment among the yet expectant multitude, when the author of their fancied fortune came to dispossess them of their booty. As

may be supposed, a most painful explanation ensued, but though a ludicrous one, either party was mutually convinced, that

"Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream."

The whole, it appears, was the effect of accident: the notes had been exposed in a warehouse, when a sudden gust of wind entered at one door, and blew them out at another. With the assistance of several respectable people, the affrighted owner recovered nearly the whole of his property: and on being desired to think himself fortunate in coming off with so trifling a loss, he calmly resolved to be more careful of the circulating medium in future.

A Welsh curate lately died in Monmouthshire, at such an advanced age, that he had christened, married, and buried the parish three times over.

Near the chapel of Gowbarrow, at Water Millock, in Cumberland, is a hill, commonly known by the name of the Priest's Crag; it was formerly covered with wood of different kinds; and was, some years ago, the common resort of the country people for squirrel-hunting, gathering nuts, and other diversions. These they put in practice on the Sundays to the great disturbance of the congregation, as their shouting, squalling, and swearing, were very distinctly heard in the chapel. This rousing the indignation of the minister, Mr Dawson, he, accordingly, one Sunday reproved and threatened them in these words—"Oh, ye wicked of Water Millock, and ye perverse of New Kirk, ye go a whoring, a roaring, a hunting, a nutting, on the Sabbath-day; but, on my soul, if you go any more, I'll go with you." Now the parson was a keen hunter, and his expression of "I' go with you,"—which, in the dialect, is a mere threatening phrase—striking some of the more waggish hearers in a double sense, the sermon and its author made such a noise, that it came to the ears of the bishop of the diocese. The bishop upon this, with the concurrence of the Duke of Norfolk, ordered the wood to be cut down, and put an end to the profanation there carried on; but the appellation of the wicked of Water Millock sticks to the inhabitants of that place to this day.

During the proceedings in the court of King's Bench, the 9th inst. the court was very much disturbed by a noise near the door. One of the officers at last brought up a man, who, he said, had been very disorderly. The man denied that the officer's statement was true, that he had refused to produce his subpœna, or to tell for what purpose he attended. He seemed in very great trepidation.

Lord Ellenborough ordered him to be committed to Newgate, and brought up again at four o'clock, then to be discharged, on expressing due contrition for his offence.

On Monday, June 4th, at a public-house on Tower-Hill, a drinking-match took place between a Thames-street carman, and a lady belonging to Billingsgate. The former was to drink half a pint of ale, for each half quartern of gin drank by the latter, the defaulter to pay the reckoning. The palm was resolutely contested until the landlord had scored thirty-one to each of them; when the carman tacitly acknowledged he was over loaden, and unable to drive any farther. Of course victory was declared in favour of his fair adversary, against whom the odds ran high at starting.

POETRY,

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

CITY JOCULARITY.

SIR TIMOTHY GRUB had a box near the road,
As a fat thriving citizen must,
And soak'd all the summer as snug as a toad,
Delightfully buried in dust.

Six poplars in order, trim, taper, and tall,
The pride of his premises stood:
As 'tis horrid to gaze on an arrant brick-wall,
The knight had his *bit of a wood*.

Said Deputy Growl—of no moderate size—
While he swell'd at the Saturday's feast,
"With trees brown with dust, and a house full of flies,
"Brother Grub, why you live like a beast."

"You're right, Brother Growl," chuckl'd Alderman Plum;
"But a *grub* and a fly are akin:
"A wo'm crawls in dust, and a *grub*'s like a wo'm;
"So our friend in his element's *bin*."

Next Saturday, summon'd to swallow good cheer,
With wonder they gap'd at the scene.
"Good lack!" was the cry, "what a change is this here:
"Not a fly, and the trees are all *green!*"

"The flies are defunct," cried the knight, proud to please;
"I hunted 'em, catch'd 'em, and crush'd 'em."—
"But the trees! What the deuce has been done to the trees?"—
"What's been done! Why, I've *beat 'em* and *brush'd 'em*."

MERCATOR.

For the Sporting Magazine.

A PRECEPTIVE HUNTING SONG.

ALL ye sons of anxiety, slaves of sad thinking,
Who brood over cares, and sit morbidly winking;
Ye lovers who languish; ye husbands who pine
With fears of the wife, that in beauty does shine;
Give over dull thoughts, which corrode life away;
And the sprightly steed mount at the break of the day.

CHORUS.

Fly o'er the mounds,
Pursue the hounds,
And ne'er dose life away;
Pray ease the mind,
Sweet peace to find,
But exercise your clay.
Mind on the stretch,
Does make the wretch;
But motion makes us gay.

'Twill

'Twill ease the mind,
And peace you'll find,
And spirits blithe as May.

O'er the hills the morn peeps, see Aurora appear,
In effulgence most glorious, with spring in his rear;
Then call for your steed, he'll exultingly fly
To the sweet sounding horn, and hounds' musical cry,
Painful thinking will fly, that corrodes life away,
If you join in the chase at the break of the day.

CHORUS.

Fly o'er the mounds, &c.

If health be your aim, strength and vigour you prize,
If in honour's bright scale 'tis your aim to arise;
If courage and glory you have in your view,
If you'd conquer pale fear, and the futile subdue,
Then banish sad thoughts, to the chase haste away,
And the sprightly steed mount at the break of the day.

CHORUS.

Fly o'er the mounds, &c.

Stambourn, June 20.

A RECITATIVE.

Delivered as a Proclamation, by Mr. Fawcett, at the late Installation Fete.

O YES! O yes! O yes! God save the King and People!
And, like my bell, let all the bells ring out from every steeple;
While, as my office bids me, I proclaim this merry warning,
That ev'ry Knight, that's here to-day must keep it up till morning.
Each laughing face is welcome here; while those who're fond of sorrow
Have leave to go, indulge their woe, and call again to-morrow.
Those who love feasting and good cheer, as long as they are able,
May claim a seat, as it is meet, like Knights of the Round Table.
At supper each may have a treat, for well we know the trade is,
Of ev'ry Knight, to take delight in helping all the Ladies.
Those who, on light fantastic toe, would dance away the vapours,
While other folks are cutting jokes, are welcome to cut capers.
Those who prefer the sparkling glass, in merry moderation,
The toast may pass, to some sweet lass, the King, and British Nation.
Or, who the noise of sing-song verse, prefer to pipes and tabors,
Like jocund elves, may sing themselves, then call upon their neighbours.
Each Errant Knight may seek adventures here, while he is walking,
'Midst singing, dancing, eating, drinking, laughing, sporting, talking;
'Midst music, painting, science, art, grace, beauty, wit, and glee;
And, lastly, those who nonsense love, may come and list to me.

A SONG.

Sung on the same occasion, by Mr. Incledon.

WHEN order in this land commenc'd with Alfred's sacred laws,
Then sea-girt Britains, closely fenc'd, join'd in one common cause.
The glorious name, an Englishman, struck terror to the foe,
And conquering William fix'd a fame that shall for ages glow.
On Albion's cliffs let commerce smile, and cheering plenty bring,
Then sweet content shall bless the Isle, and George its gracious King.

Our Henrys and our Edwards too
Fram'd once a Constitution,
Which Orange William did renew
By glorious Revolution.

Mild Anne, with sceptre gently sway'd,
Insur'd the people's love,
And when her kingdom's peace she made,
Was call'd to realms above!

Thence

Thence British Freedom, Rights, and Laws,
From whence her glories spring,
The pray'r of grateful Britain draws
On George its gracious King.

Great George and Charlotte's happy reign
In Union binds the land,
And scatters blessings o'er the main
With all-benignant hand.

The regal stock, its royal fruit,
Like ivy round it clings,
From whence its spreading branches shoot
A race of future Kings.

Thence English, Scotch, and Irishmen,
With heart and voice shall sing;
While Brunswick's line adorns the throne,
God save our Gracious King.

PROLOGUE
TO
THE MARRIAGE PROMISE.

GOOD folks, I'm come a few short words to say,
By way of Prologue to our Poet's Play,
"The Marriage Promise."—Does the title please?
Ladies, we shall decide by your decrees.—
Ye fair around, to judge by your complexion,
I see but few inclin'd to make objection:
Few frowns there are; and they, methinks, betoken
A fear that this same Promise may be broken.
But these must vanish, when 'tis understood
Our Author means to "make his title good."
Accept his "Marriage Promise," then, ye Fair,
To keep it with you be our Poet's care.
Well, then—we'll trust the Ladies we shall gain;
But Critics! shall we your applause obtain?—
To you our youthful efforts we must plead;
Give us, this once, the grateful, golden meed—
And from this Promise he will never swerve,
The praise you give to labour to deserve.
Our Author's surely mod'rate in his wishes,
He asks no costly fare—no season'd dishes—
Cameleon-like, from air his food he draws,
And lives upon the breath of your applause.
Come, then, O Boxes, Pit, and Gal-l'ries upper,
Send him not home to bed without his supper!

VERSES.

Ascribed to the Pen of Francis Newbery, Esq.

IN my youth I was careless and gay,
Freely joining in pleasure's career;
'Twas the spring-time of life—it was May,
And ne'er thought of the date of the year.

But to Vice's alurements not prone,
Busy Love whisper'd soft in my ear;
"There's no comfort in living alone,
And pray look to the date of the year."

My fond heart gave assent, beating high
And acknowledg'd the maid that was dear;
Ready Hymen soon fasten'd the tie,
Ever blest be the date of that year!

Many summers roll'd on full of joy;
Many winters that never was drear:
And oft times a girl or a boy
Gave delight to the date of the year.

Bred in Harmony, virtue, and truth,
Happy faces around me appear;
And the grateful affections of youth,
Prove a balm to the date of the year.

While

While old friends full of sense, taste, and knowledge,
Sweeten life with attachment sincere;
And the stories of school and of college,
Seem improv'd from the date of the year.

Thus I've liv'd till my hair is grown grey,
And still pleasantly move in my sphere;
For December is cheerful as May,
And content marks the date of the year.

TO ANGLERS.

O TAKE away that wily, treach'rous hook!
Why are the harmless tenants of the brook
—Secure, poor things, till now, amongst each other—
To be of cold barbarity the sport?
Perhaps each fish, that from the flood you court,
May mourn its parents kind—a sister—brother.

It makes Humanity, sweet maiden! weep
To see the wanton sportives of the deep
Torn from the pleasures of their silv'ry bed:
It makes her sigh, to mark the dipping float
The hidden captive's agony denote,
And all its sweet and social comforts fled.

I love to see the gudgeon and the bream
Thread the wild mazes of their native stream,
And, unmolested, through each thicket stray.
I love to see the dace, in shining pride,
Now rush amidst the fierce, impetuous tide,
And now upon the tempting surface play.

The worm that writhes, too, on the barbed steel,
Knows not less pain than does the culprit feel,
When legal vengeance drags him to her den:
His well-knit limbs, his nerves, his sinews firm,
Defy not torture better than a worm—
Reptiles are flesh and blood as well as men.

'Tis not for man to lift his murd'ring arm,
Against the artless, unoffending swarm,
To wage unequal combat with a fish:
So much, believe me, liberty I prize,
I'd rather on their freedom feast my eyes,
Than view them smoaking on the glutton's dish.

Enough for me if, while I roam at ease,
And taste, sweet Isis, on thy banks the breeze
That wantons there, upon her silken wings,
Health's genial hand its bounty shall bestow,
And on my cheek impress the livid glow,
And all the charms the lovely goddess brings.

Farewell, my rod, and to my lines farewell,
No more shall sports like these my bosom swell—
No more shall ye to cruelty invoke me:
Perhaps some fish, with patriot rage may burn—
Perhaps some trout be savage in its turn—
And, dying for its injur'd brethren, choak me.

J. T.

Margaret Street.